The Owingsville Outlook.

VOL. XX. | OWINGSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899. | NO. 35.

Notice.

Having sold a half-interest in my business, and desiring to close up my individual affairs as speedily as possible, I earnestly request all those indebted to me to settle without delay. S. P. Atchison.

It was John Tackett, tenant of J. B. Crouch, who sold his tobacco instead of John Fleming as The Outlook stated last week.

If Brother & Goodpaster haven't what you want in garden seeds, we don't know where you will find it.

Contractor James W. Smith expects to have W. D. Lightfoot's residence, in the east end of town, completed in 10 to 15 days.

Saddles and Harness, cheaper than you ever bought them before, at Ramsey & Co.'s.

Champion Dick.—As a checker player Dick Conner is a "right smart." Last Saturday night he and a gentleman in Ashland played a couple of games by telegraph, and Dick won both.

The celebrated Jersey Wakefield cabbage seed. For sale by Brother & Goodpaster.

The usual premature zeal in garden-making was displayed by some during the pretty days last week, but the snow Saturday night warned them that a few fine days don't make spring at all.

Stoves, Tin- and Queensware offered very cheap at Ramsey & Co.'s to close out.

Wm. Kelley died at the Poorhouse Wednesday of last week, of neuralgia of the heart. He was a member of the 40th Kentucky Regiment, U. S. V. I., in the Civil War. He had applied for a pension, but failed to get it.

Wanted.—A young 3- or 4-year-old stallion. Must be cheap. Apply to Dr. G. W. Conner, Owingsville, Ky.

Breaks Up Housekeeping.—Jas. Gillon has rented his residence property to Squire John A. Daugherty, giving possession April 1st. He will sell privately his household goods. He is undetermined yet just what business he will engage in, but will probably first travel awhile for the benefit of his health.

Garden Seeds of every description in bulk at Brother & Goodpaster's.

Mrs. Spencer Boyd and Mrs. Geo. B. Donaldson, of near Reynoldsville, went Thursday on a shopping and sight-seeing visit to Lexington, to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cassidy while there. The former's husband requested us to state that the ladies were expected to return home during the early spring. They returned Monday and report an enjoyable time.

T. S. Shrout will sell you Furniture, Buggies and Coffins cheaper than anyone. Cash or credit.

Pardoned.—Lieutenant and Acting Governor Worthington pardoned the Owingsville Electric Co. of its indictment in the Franklin Circuit Court for failure to comply exactly with the law in making a report to the State authorities, stating that it was evident that the said company had not wilfully violated the law, but had manifested considerable zeal in endeavoring to comply with the law.

Now is the time to buy a plow and set of gears while Ramsey & Co. are selling cheap to close out.

Tobacco Sales.—J. M. Richart's purchases: on East Fork of Flat Creek, A. F. Stephens and Nallis Perkins' at 5c; on Naylor's Branch, John Horseman's at 5c.

A. W. Bascom bought Robert Nixon's at 5c.

George A. Peed's purchases: on Prickly Ash, A. K. Coyle's at 6½c; same and tenant James Conyers' at 5c; same and son John's at 4c; on upper Slate Creek, Jacob and J. C Warner's at 5c.

Wm. C. Tipton and Polk Manley sold their tobacco, on lower Slate Creek, to Thos. H. Gray, of Flemingsburg, at 7c.

Purchases of A. J. Nesbitt and A. C. Jones: near town, C. T. Horseman's at 5c; on Prickly Ash, Fletcher Crouch and Henry Sorrell's at 5c and a premium; J. T. Horseman's at 4c; on Washington Branch, Curran Crouch's at 5½c; Fielder Horseman's at 6c.

Robertson Bros., of Bethel, T. J. Jones' crop, at Wyoming, at 7¾c.

Mrs. Crit Whaley's Death.—The host of relatives and friends of Mrs. Crit Whaley in this county were deeply grieved to hear of her decease, announced here in a dispatch to her uncle Richard Bigstaff, at her home in Independence, Missouri, March 16th. She was aged about 48 years, was reared in the Flat Creek section of this county, and resided there until her marriage to Mr. Whaley about twenty-five years ago. The end was not unexpected, as she had been suffering for some time with consumption of the lungs. She was a daughter of Sinnett Young, her mother being a daughter of Dr. O. S. Bigstaff. She was one of the finest women ever reared in this county and was universally admired for her beautiful character, her accomplishments and many charms and graces of mind and person. The husband and family have the sincere condolences of The Outlook in their irreparable loss.

Talking about Seed Irish and Sweet Potatoes you ought to see what Brother & Goodpaster have. They are the finest specimens we ever saw; pure New York stock.

W. T. Moore, son of David Moore, of Reynoldsville, and Miss Martha Snedegar, daughter of Moses Snedegar, of White Oak, were licensed to wed Monday. The wedding was reported to be set for Wednesday.

Ramsey & Co.'s stock is diminishing rapidly under the low prices offered. Don't you need something in their line?

What Rube Says.—In connection with Prof. Falb's dreadful prophecies for this year it is interesting to learn that Reuben Fields, the famous mental mathematician and animated timepiece of Warrensburg, Mo., now on his periodical visit to this country, says that a tornado will strike this town on June 4th and make debris of it. Rube's mathematical powers are unquestionable, wonderful as they may appear in mere relation to one who has never tested them. His chronometrical ability, more mysterious than his calculating powers, is accurate enough for all purposes except perhaps timing a race, but prophecy is a new role for Rube, and skepticism is permissible.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us please call and settle their accounts at once.
Respt., S. Slesser.

PERSONAL.

C. S. Templeman, of Moorefield, is here this week on business.

J. B. Goodpaster went Tuesday on a business trip to Marion Co.

Attorney J. S. Power, of Flemingsburg, was here on business last Thursday.

Hon. James A. Barnes returned from Frankfort Monday night. He will remain here.

Miss Bessie Botts, of Peeled Oak, came in Saturday to visit Mrs. Lee D. Brother and Miss Daisy Hazelrigg.

Mrs. C. C. Hazelrigg went last Thursday to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Scott, at North Middletown.

Miss Clifford Hazelrigg has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. R. Scott, at North Middletown.

W. T. Jones, of Millersburg, was up on a business trip Friday and Saturday and paid this office a friendly call.

Mrs. Elva Catlett, accompanied by Miss Lucy Colville, of Paris, returned Monday from a visit of a week at Mt. Sterling.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Jackson, of Spencer, Montgomery Co., came Friday on a visit to the former's mother, Mrs. Sarah Jackson.

Tibbs Goodpaster and children, of Leon, Iowa, arrived Monday afternoon, the guests of C. T. Tackett. Tibbs will likely make his home in Bath county.

Miss Fannie Glover and brother James, of Montgomery county, visited their uncle James Gillon last Friday. Mrs. Chess Glover, their mother, who had been Mr. Gillon's guest for some time, returned home with them.

Soldier's Letter.—General Hospital, Ward 11, Savannah, Ga., Mar. 12, 1899.—To The Outlook: As I have left Cuba and am now in the General Hospital, Savannah, I wish you would address The Outlook to the hospital above named.

My health is improving slowly, but it will be some time before I regain my health. I landed in Cuba on the twenty-fifth of November last. I was sick when I went ashore. I first took sick with a slight attack of yellow jaundice. I was well only two weeks until I was taken sick with a severe pain in my chest. There were several doctors examined me, I believe five different times. Some pronounced it lung trouble and some palpitation of the heart. I don't think any of them know. I think it is indigestion. We are well cared for here, have plenty to eat (a rarity), plenty of nice shade, nice beds, and anything a person can care for. We had one man to die in our company (B) and he was sick only a day or two. He died of yellow fever. I suppose I will get a furlough in two or three weeks. I wouldn't object if they would give me one tomorrow.

This is the longest summer I ever experienced. I enlisted on the twenty-first of June in Cincinnati, Ohio. We left there on July sixth for Ft. Sheridan, Ill.; left there on August twenty-fourth for Montauk Point, Long Island, N. Y.; left there on Oct. fifth for Savannah, Ga., left there on Nov. twenty-first for Tampa, Fla.; arrived there and left on the twenty-second of Nov. on the transport Florida for Cuba; and on the twenty-fifth we were in Cuba. I left there on the hospital ship Missouri March sixth, 1899, and landed in Savannah, Ga., on the eleventh. Almost a summer of ten months.

Well, I will close, hoping to receive The Outlook soon and join my Bath county friends once more. I remain yours, Guy H. Ratliff, Co. B, 2d U. S. V. Engineers, now in Cuba.

Good Whisky is both doctor and tonic. Better looking than doctors, better tasting than all medicine. For general family use, nothing equals whisky and HARPER Whisky is pre-eminently the family whisky.
Sold by
Young & Lane, Owingsville, Ky.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.

Craigs.

I sent in my items last Monday, but they never reached the office.

Chris Garner has put up a nice new residence and moved into it last week.

Brother Tinsley's meetings were largely attended and did a great deal of good.

James Snedegar and wife visited John Shrout and wife, near Moore's Ferry, last week.

Sam Shultz and wife visited the family of Daniel Blevins, near Olympia, last week.

James Snedegar and wife moved Thursday to Jo Toy's, near Sharpsburg, on the Ben Wright farm.

Mrs. Jo Snedegar and children Clyde and Walter visited Mrs. Melissa Snedegar one day last week.

There is talk of some one setting up a "batch shebang," but I think it will fall through for the lack of a fiddler.

Robert Kelly and wife moved into the house vacated by Dee Rudder. We were glad to have them come in our midst; we always welcome good people.

Dee Rudder moved last week to the John Craig property on Prickly Ash. We are all very sorry to lose Dee and his estimable wife, for they were good neighbors.

John Coyle moved to the C. W. Honaker farm on Prickly Ash. We were sorry to have them go, for John was a good neighbor and had a nice family, but at the same time we know he made a good move.

Died, Wednesday of last week, Willie Davis, the six-year-old son of Jeff Davis and wife, after a long illness of spinal meningitis. The sorrowing parents have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

Grieve no more for little Willie;
He from suffering now is free,
For the Savior said of children:
"Suffer such to come to me."

He has taken little Willie
To the happy realms above,
Where can come no tears nor sickness,
But unmeasured joy and love.

Little Willie is an angel,
Free from sorrow, pain and strife;
He will never know the sorrows
That crowd this mortal life.

You again may meet your darling
In that land of pure delight,
And be numbered with the just ones
In their garments pure and white.

Knob Lick.

Some ore was shipped last week.

Some plowing was done last week.

Sam Snelling is talking of moving to near Odessa.

We had one nice day Friday. Since then it has been fearful.

Charley Fowler killed a very large mallard duck on the Co.'s land.

Wm. Moore delivered some clover hay to Dad Witherow at 70c per hundred.

Ben Spence moved to the Hose Hart place from J. M. Colliver's place last week.

The Sick.—Milton Meeks is convalescent from an attack of measles. Jesse Meeks is better from an attack of pneumonia. John Bohannon is very poorly with measles. Mrs. Wm. Goodpaster and child have measles; also Ben Maze and Mrs. Jas. Goodpaster.

There were several young men here Sunday that seemed to have been imbibing freely of somebody's poison. They were fulfilling the Scriptures as they passed here—the blind leading the blind. Why is it that men violate the laws every day through the week and do not stop to violate God's law by selling whisky on Sunday to brutalize their fellow men? Is the law a failure?

In last week's issue I mentioned some of the advantages to the people of the benefit to be derived from the Referendum, and in view of having to elect a Representative soon it would be well for the people to know what they are doing and not support any man, it matters not of what party, unless he will pledge himself to use his honest endeavors to get it enacted into a law. Direct legislation is a simple proposition. It merely means they have the right to vote on all laws that govern them. Their vote makes or breaks the law, the will of the people being supreme. At present the will of a few black-legged politicians is the law. The imperative mandate, which gives the people the ability to retire any official at will, would prevent such corrupt practices as have obtained in States of late in the election of Senators. No man would pay $10,000 each for votes when the people could claw him out of his purchased nest. The working, producing classes have to pay for every bribe. Labor produces all wealth, and when legislation is purchased it is always by men who never did a day's useful labor in their lives. When they buy laws they always make back the bribe money and more besides. If voting Kings, however, had the power to change the laws at will through the initiative then no one would buy the legislators of easy virtue. They might succeed in delivering the goods, but the voters could recover them at any time. Such bargains would be without any practical value. Direct legislation will give the poor old constituent an opportunity to shape legislation. The lawmakers have to heed the populace or the public can do what they wish. At present after election the average legislator pays no more attention to the people than he would a yellow dog. They are getting all they deserve, the people are. When they are wiser they will get more. No man will buy an office if the people have the imperative mandate tied to his leg. They might have him out of office before he got his money back. You see if the imperative mandate was in operation a certain per cent. of the voters could demand that the office-holder be retired. The people would then vote on the question of whether he should remain in office or not, and his fate would rest with them. It would only be a modest request to ask your would-be Representative to have it enacted into a law or to use his earnest endeavors to that end. He would not necessarily have to compromise his party to do so. It is simply elevating a principle above party, but I would want to know his sincerity before I could give my support, nor would I advise the people to do so. I would not want to prescribe for any one, but it is a plain proposition. It is the man asking for the suffrage of the people, and not the people asking for anything; only for their votes to count for something, or, in other words, the people to rule, as was bequeathed to them by the Constitution. I would like an expression from all the corpts. on this proposition.

Falb's Prophecies.

The forecast for 1898 is as follows:—

"January and February—Unprecedented cold waves, cyclones and hurricanes at sea, with great loss to shipping, particularly on the American continent.

"Toward End of March—Earthquakes and destroying hailstorms.

"July-August—Tidal wave, destroying eastern coast of America. Florida and California becoming [illegible] from a submarine earthquake.

"November [illegible] planet to come in con[illegible] own to astronomers [illegible] 1866—our planet to be, [illegible] solutely, partially destroyed.

This is the cheerful prediction that Professor Rudolph Falb, of Vienna, a noted scientist and world-renowned authority on earthquakes and meterological conditions, in March, 1894, forwarded to the Imperial Academy of Science at Vienna. Probably nothing more would have been heard of the prediction if the meteorological conditions of the latter part of January and early part of February, of this year, had not corresponded with Professor Falb' [illegible] the scientific journ[illegible] in consequence, giving Professor Falb and his predictions a great deal of attention.

While Professor Falb is, by many scientists, considered a "crank," his predictions on seismic disturbances have been remarkably fulfilled. As, for instance, the great earthquake at Zante in 1893, he, several days before the earthquake occurred, sent warning to the press all over Europe. Again, in March, 1893, he was invited to lecture before the Tourist Club, of Vienna, on the subject of earthquakes, but, while accepting the invitation, postponed the lecture until after April 13, as an earthquake would take place about that time and he would prefer to include the results of his investigation of this earthquake in his lecture.

And, as the German proverb has it, "Has du mir geschen," the earthquake did occur on April 8 and was felt all over southern Hungary and did much damage.

Many incidents like these could be quoted, where predictions have been made one to two years in advance and been fulfilled. Professor Falb disclaims in the most peremptory manner that his warnings should be classed as predictions or prophecies.

"I am not a prophet," he said in an interview. "My theories are simply scientific investigations into mundane anatomy. The interior of the earth is filled with a matter mass, subject to ebb and flow just like the waters of the ocean. Every intelligent and educated man knows this. Between the surface of the earth and this molten mass, which is slowly cooling, there is only a shell of an average of eighteen miles in thickness, in some places thinner than in others, and here the confined force escapes in the form of gas. But not finding such an outlet, through the influence of the moon, a great tidal wave sweeps round the inner crust of the earth and produces the terrible phenomena known as earthquakes.

This is, in short, Professor Falb's theory, and it has been much disputed, particularly his reference to the influence of the moon. Professor Falb calls attention to the "fully established" instances where a comet has come in contact with our planet and the results.

616. January 14, ten people killed in China by the fall of a meteor.
823. November 3, thirty-five villages destroyed in Saxony.
1511. September 4, many lives destroyed by falling meteors at Crema.
1749. November 4, a ship crossing the Atlantic was struck, killing several sailors.

Each of these instances, says Professor Falb, can be regarded as the fall of a small comet upon our planet.—Ex.

SPRING GOODS

I will have in an elegant line of new goods, consisting of the new

PIQUES, LAWNS, WOOLENS, COVERTS, ETC.,

And will be glad to show them to the ladies.

All kinds of

WHITE GOODS, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS,

And will show a beautiful line of **MILLINERY** at medium prices. NEWEST IDEAS IN TRIMMING. Everything up-to-date. Liberal discount to cash buyers. Respectfully,

Mrs. D. S. Estill, Owingsville.

TURNPIKE LETTINGS.

The contracts for repairing the turnpike roads in the Wyoming District No. 3 will be let on

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899,

at 9 o'clock a. m., at the old toll-house at the mouth of Prickly Ash, on the Owingsville & Wyoming turnpike road.

WYOMING DISTRICT NO. 3.

Owingsville & Wyoming Turnpike Road.

§ 28. Beginning at Owingsville and extending to a point opposite Martin Jones' house, about 2 miles.

§ 29. Same road beginning at a point opposite Martin Jones' house and extending to point opposite J. T. Atchison's house, about 2½ miles.

§ 30. Same road beginning at point opposite J.T. Atchison's, extending to Wyoming at intersection with East Fork road, about 2½ miles.

White Oak Turnpike Road.

§ 34. Beginning at intersection of Owingsville & Wyoming road, extending to store house at Odessa, about 3½ miles.

§ 35. Same road beginning at store house at Odessa and extending to Donaldson's scales, about 2 miles.

§ 36. Same road beginning at Donaldson's scales, extending to intersection with Owingsville, Bald Eagle & Sharpsburg road, about 2 miles.

The White Oak Road at Odessa at 4 o'clock p. m.

Owingsville, Bald Eagle & Sharpsburg Turnpike Road.

§ 38. Beginning at Owingsville and extends to intersection with the Prickly Ash & Tunnel road, about 2 miles.

§ 39. Same road beginning at intersection of Prickly Ash & Tunnel road, extending to point opposite J. M. Richart's pool, about 2 miles.

§ 40. Same road beginning at point opposite J. M. Richart's pool and extending to Reynoldsville store, about 2 miles.

The Owingsville & Bald Eagle Road at the store of Horseman [illegible] n Prickly Ash, at 12 o'clock m.

The contracts for the following roads will be let on

SATURDAY, APRIL 15

Wyoming & East Fork Turnpike Road.

§ 31. Beginning at intersection of Owingsville & Wyoming road, extending to tollgate house, about 2½ miles.

§ 32. Same road beginning at tollgate house, extending to Indian Creek, about 2 miles.

The Wyoming & East Fork Road at Okla at 12 o'clock m.

Owingsville, Water Dell & Licking River Turnpike Road.

§ 33. This road shall comprise one section, about 3½ miles.

The Owingsville, Water Dell & Licking River Road at Forge Hill store at 4 o'clock p. m.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22,

The contract for the following road will be let.

Owingsville & Craigs Turnpike Road.

§ 37. This road shall comprise one section, 2 miles.

The Owingsville & Craigs Turnpike Road at Craigs at 10 o'clock a. m.

The following rules are hereby adopted by this Court:—

1st. All contracts for supplies, material or repairs to be furnished on the turnpike and gravel roads of Bath county shall be let by competition bidding and to the lowest and best bidder by commissioners, as directed in Sec. 8 of the turnpike order, and if said commissioners find that there is any collusion between bidders they may reject all such bids.

2d. Bidders will be required to make sealed bids for the section wanted by each of them, naming road and section, who they offer as security on bond, his bid to include the keeping open all culverts on the section, which bid shall be securely sealed in a plain envelope, with his name, name of road and section thereon, plainly written on the face of envelope, and directed to the commissioner. His bid shall plainly state for what price will furnish crushed or broken stone (no stone to exceed 6 oz. in weight), on line of road to be spread on said road per rod of 82½ feet long by one foot by one foot.

A copy. Attest: J. T. Peters, Clerk B. C. C.

For blank specifications apply to

SAM SHULTZ, Commissioner.

A Girl's Conundrum.—A Greenville girl deserves the cake for conundrums. A few evenings since she put the question to her sweetheart: "Why were the boys who left here for the late war like the seat of a man's trousers?" This was a poser, but the young fellow made an effort. "Because," he ventured, "they were worn out in the service." No, that was not it. Then he thought he had it. "Because they were so repeatedly sat upon," he said. The young lady shook her head. He gave it up and then she informed him that it was, "Because they were never intended for the front."—Hartford Herald.

BANKRUPT NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States, for the District of Kentucky. In Bankruptcy. In the matter of Van Thompson, a Bankrupt.

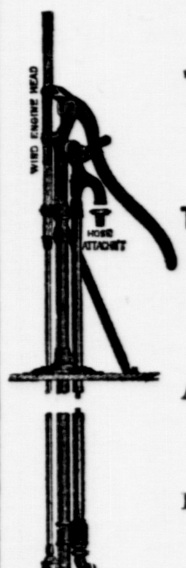
Mt. Sterling, Ky., March 16, 1899.

A meeting of the creditors of Van Thompson, a resident of Bath county, Ky., adjudged a bankrupt in the above Court, will be held at the office of A. T. Wood, Referee, Mt. Sterling, Ky., on the 29th day of March, 1899, at 1 o'clock, p. m., for the consideration of any busines that may come before the meeting, and for appointment of trustee.

In making proof of claims, state the Court and style of the cause as above, complying with section 57 of the United States Bankruptcy Law.

A. T. WOOD,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

Among the deaths of noted people last week were those of Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, at San Antonio, Texas; Benjamin P. Hutchison, at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, once famous as "Old Hutch," the speculator of the Chicago Board of Trade; Princess Kaiulani, at Honolulu, once the heir apparent to the extinct throne of Hawaii.



RICHARD CROSS,
TINNER,
Owingsville, Ky.

Tin Roofing, Guttering, Repairing, Etc., Etc.

All work executed promptly.

I am also agent for the Myers Pump, the best pump sold on the market.

R. S. CROSS.

Farmers..........

I am not "closing out in the next sixty days to quit," but I will give you better goods at lower prices than those that are. I will still be here to see that the goods give satisfaction. I will save you money on Plows and Plow-gearing. The VULCAN is the best Chilled Plow. BRINLEY is the best Steel Plow. HALL'S is the best Hillside Plow. I have saved you a good many fifteen cents on each OLIVER Plow Point and have plenty of them at the low price. Come and price my home-made Breeching, Check Lines, Blind Bridles, &c., and save money. When you buy Saddles, Harness, &c., from me you buy direct from the manufacturer.

I am yours always ready to please,

EUGENE MINIHAN, Owingsville, Ky.

ATCHISON & JONES,

Dealers in Drugs, Groceries, Fruits, Fine Candies, Stationery and Perfumes. Also agents for OLD BARTON WHISKIES and Fine Wines.

CALL AT CORNER DRUG STORE AND GET PRICES.

HESS & PAXTON.

UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS

Funeral Furnishing. Careful and considerate service. Modern equipments. Hearse always furnished free. Prices reasonable. Try us.

MASONIC BLDG., OWINGSVILLE, KY.

FREE! FREE!

For EVERY DOLLAR'S WORTH OF GROCERIES you buy at our store we will give you a chance on a BEAUTIFUL COUCH. We will give you top prices for your produce, will furnish you GARDEN SEEDS of all kinds at a low price; also CLOVER and TIMOTHY. Don't fail to come and see us before you buy.

We have a very large stock of SEED POTATOES, and will furnish you at a low price. Yours,

PERRY & BROTHER,

3 DOORS BELOW POSTOFFICE. Bloomfield's old stand.

COME A-RUNNIN'

To our store when you want

Groceries, Confectionery, Canned Goods, Tinware, Etc.,

Cheaper than you can buy them anywhere else in Eastern Ky. None but the freshest and best handled.

All goods delivered free in Owingsville and suburbs.

PARK & BARNES.

C. & O. RAILWAY.

TIME-CARD EFFECTIVE MAY 16, 1898

Express Trains for Louisville, Lexington Cincinnati, Washington, New York and Eastern Cities.

Time of Trains at Preston Station.

EAST-BOUND.

Morehead Accommodation	†10 20 a. m.
New York Express	12:43 p. m.
Washington Express	10:09 p. m

WEST-BOUND.

Louisville Express	6:43 a. m
Lexington Accommodation	†1:35 p. m
Louisville Limited	4:00 p. m.

†Daily except Sunday. All others daily.

For information regarding rates, sleeping car reservations call on or address Agent C. & O. Railway, Preston Station.

G. W. Barney, D. P. A., Lexington, Ky. C. B. Ryan, Asst. G. P. A., Cincinnati. O.

SPRING 1899.

Trees, Plants, Vines.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Small Fruits and everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We employ no agents, but sell direct at reasonable prices. Strawberry and Tree Catalogues on application to

H. F. HILLENMEYER,
Lexington, Ky.

Telephone 279.

W. H. HOSHAL & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
CATTLE, HOGS and SHEEP.
UNION STOCK YARDS,
CINCINNATI, O.
TELEPHONE 7346.

All information regarding live stock cheerfully furnished. Consign your stock direct to us.

new man and new shop.

Having bought the HARRIS SHOP in Owingsville I can say that I will repair BUGGIES, CARRIAGES & WAGONS as cheap as any, and make THE BEST BREAK CARTS that have ever been made in this town. Can also do FIRST-CLASS PAINTING. ALL WORK GUARANTEED FIRST-CLASS. As for Horse-shoeing it will speak for itsel So give me a call.

W. B. POWER,
HENRY ST., OWINGSVILLE.

Send us your Job Work.

VICK'S SEEDS

Bulbs and Plants have gone to thousands of satisfied customers for half a century, and to celebrate the 50th year in business we have issued a Golden Wedding edition of

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide

which is a work of art. 24 pages lithographed in colors, 4 pages souvenir, nearly 100 pages filled with handsome half-tone illustrations of Flowers, Vegetables, Plants, Fruits, etc., elegantly bound in white and gold. A marvel in catalogue making; an authority on all subjects pertaining to the garden, with care for the same, and a descriptive catalogue of all that is desirable. It is too expensive to give away indiscriminately, but we want everyone interested in a good garden to have a copy, therefore we will send the Guide and a DUE BILL for 25c. worth of seed for 15 cts. It tells how credit is given for Full Amount of purchase to buy other goods.

Vick's Little Gem Catalogue... A perfect little gem of a price list. It is simply the Guide condensed, finely illustrated, and in handy shape, making it convenient for reference. FREE

Vicks Illustrated Monthly Magazine Enlarged, improved and up to date on all subjects relating to Gardening, Horticulture, etc. 50 cents a year. Special 1899 offer—the Magazine one year, and the Guide for 25 cents.

Our new plan of selling Vegetable Seeds gives you more for your money than any seed house in America.

James Vicks Sons,
Rochester, N. Y.

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In the Twice-a-week Courier-Journal than in any other paper published—both in quality and quantity.

104 PAPERS ONE YEAR FOR 50 CENTS.

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BY A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT YOU CAN GET THE OUTLOOK AND THE TWICE-A-WEEK COURIER-JOURNAL Both One Year for Only $1.30.

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Advertise in The Outlook.

Owingsville Outlook.

D. S. ESTILL, Publisher

OWINGSVILLE : KENTUCKY

TWENTY-ONE.

The heart is young, the step is light,
The voice is sweet, the eye is bright,
Hope sings a song of pure delight
At twenty-one.

Rarely we know a passing tear,
Care we have none, and little fear,
With song and jest our bark we steer
At twenty-one.

Too soon, however, comes dull care,
Life's work and battle we must share,
Quickly we reach, 'mid storm and glare,
Twice twenty-one.

But they who read life's problem right
Their courage keep, with heart as light
As when they started for the fight
At twenty-one.

Long may you sail upon life's sea,
'Mid Fortune's smiles and fancy free,
With friends as true as true can be,
Sweet twenty-one.

Though Time his flight he ne'er can stay
(The cheek will pale, the hair turn gray),
In heart, in mind, in spirit gay,
As love-song tuned to minstrel lay,
Rest ever what you are to-day,
Just twenty-one.

—London St. Paul's.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fere. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward the woman, strikes him. A duel follows, and during the commotion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the disorderly scene, and d'Auriac, upon giving his parole not to attempt escape, hears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow....you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman."

Chapter II—D'Auriac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded. They find a golden collar on de Leyva's corpse and Babette stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous scene Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Gomeron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV—D'Auriac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him daily, and when he is well enough is taken to her Normandy chateau. Here he learns from Maitre Palin, the madame's chaplain, that the king is about to force upon the woman a very distasteful marriage with M. d'Ayen. With Jacques, his steward, d'Auriac leaves for the avowed purpose of preventing their marriage.

Chapter V—D'Auriac's horse casts a shoe. This causes a delay at village of Exy, where he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in the neighborhood with the king's commission, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Gomeron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter VI—Led by Nicholas, d'Auriac goes by night to where de Gomeron is stationed. Standing beside a broken pane they hear something of the outline of a plot against the king. Burning with revenge, Nicholas fires through the window at de Gomeron, but misses his mark.

Chapter VII—The two men fly for their lives, and think themselves almost beyond pursuit when they come suddenly face to face with Biron, one of the traitors to the king, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas, d'Auriac escapes.

Chapter VIII—He comes to Rouvres where Jacques, by previous arrangement, had prepared to have him received; from there he goes direct to Paris.

Chapter IX—D'Auriac takes up lodgings in Paris, and lays what he knows of the treachery in the army and among the nobles before Sully, master general of the ordnance, who advises him to keep himself as much confined as possible.

Chapter X—Calling on de Belin, a friend living in Paris, the chevalier secures from him a servant, named Ravaillac (whom de Belin had won from d'Ayen at dice) to temporarily take the place of Jacques. He learns marriage of d'Ayen and Madame de la Bidache is to take place in a fortnight. De Belin is to be d'Ayen's sponsor.

Chapter XI—Maitre Palin appears in Paris in attendance upon Madame de la Bidache, comes to see d'Auriac and outlines to him a plan for the madame's escape into Switzerland. D'Auriac crosses the river, meets d'Ayen, who throws him his glove, which almost forces him into a duel on the spot. Forced by the danger to himself of such a disturbance on the street, he flees, eluding the guards only by plunging into the river and swimming to his own side.

Chapter XII—D'Auriac has his suspicions aroused concerning his new servant, Ravaillac. Later he witnesses a meeting of the servant and de Gomeron. D'Auriac thereupon returns him to his former service under de Belin.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

I determined, therefore, to go up to my room and await de Belin's coming, and on my opening the door of my sitting-room saw, to my surprise, a man apparently dozing in my armchair. The noise of my entrance awoke him. He jumped up, and I recognized my friend.

"Belin! what good wind has blown you here? But how did you come in? There is no one in the house."

"There was when I came in, my friend. Do you know"—and he looked me in the face—"you have made a mess of things?"

"You know already! Belin, I have just been to see you about it. The whole affair was forced on me."

"Partly. It was lucky I was there and sober enough to think of cutting the cord of the lamp. You vanished, as I thought you would, and I have been attending to your affairs ever since then. Any other man would have been laid by the heels ere this, but the stars fought for you."

"Any other man who had not friend like you, Lisois. But do you really mean that I am safe from arrest?"

"I think so, from any court under the edicts of Blois; but I had a devil of a dance."

"You have been goodness itself."

"My dear fellow, let that rest. All that you have to do now is to come with me this afternoon, put your case to the king, and I lay a hundred crowns to a tester you hear no more of the little affair of last night. But I must be going. Meet me at the Rue de Bourdonnais at one exactly, and I will take you to the Louvre, and now good-by!"

He rose and gave me his hand.

"But surely there is no need for you to go now? Dine with me at my ordinary; I have much to tell you."

Tap! tap! tap! It was Dame Annette's little knock at my door, and I knew it was something of import that had brought her to my room.

"One moment, Belin!" and, opening the door, I saw Mme. Pantin standing there in breathless agitation.

"What is it, madame? Come in and speak freely; there is only my friend, Compte de Belin, here."

"It is nothing, monsieur," she said loudly, and then dropping her voice to a whisper: "Ravaillac was out last night. Pantin was deceived. I have come up to tell you so at once; be rid of him. I am asked to tell you this by a friend."

"A hundred thanks! I have parted with him, and he will not trouble us more. But who is this friend who takes so great an interest in me?"

"You have company, monsieur," she answered with a bobbing curtesy; "I will not intrude any longer." And without another word she turned and went away.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE LOUVRE.

It wanted full ten minutes to the hour when I rode through the gates of the Hotel de Belin, and a moment or so after was with my friend. He was standing in the great hall as I entered, in the midst of a small, but brilliantly dressed group of cavaliers. On my being announced, however, he came forward to meet me with outstretched arms.

"Pardieu!" he exclaimed, stepping back a half pace after our greeting, "so you have dropped the Huguenot? We poor devils will have but a bad time of it if you turn courtier."

"Is that likely?" I asked, a little bitterly, and then, in a low tone, "have you made Ravaillac safe?"

"He has made himself safe," he whispered; "he is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes—vanished. It is perhaps best so. We will discuss him later," and raising his voice, "come, let me present you to my friends," and he led me to his companions, who, gathered in a little knot near the huge fireplace, stood surveying me with a well-bred curiosity.

"Gentlemen, permit me to introduce my old comrade, the Chevalier d'Auriac—the Duc de Bellegarde, whom we all call M. le Grand, the Viscompte de Vitry, the Seigneur de Valryn and the Chevalier d'Aubusson, who, like you, d'Auriac, is new to the court."

"And who is delighted to meet with an old acquaintance, and trusts that M. de Preaulx is in as good a way."

"As the company from Paradise—eh, chevalier?" I put in.

"Fairly hit," exclaimed the lieutenant, and then he must needs tell the story of our little adventure, at which there was much laughter, and it was easy to see that the marshal and Zamet had no friends in the Rue de Bourdonnais.

"Come, gentlemen," said de Belin, "if we delay longer we shall miss the cinque-pace—one health round and let us start."

As he spoke a number of long-necked glasses filled with the wine of champagne were brought to us. Holding his glass high above his head, de Belin called out:

"Gentlemen—the king."

The toast was drunk with a cheer in which my voice alone was still, but I joined with the others in shivering my glass in fragments on the white marble of the floor, and then, a gay, laughing crowd, we took horse for the Louvre.

As we approached the sight before us was gay beyond description. All the good commons of Paris had thronged to see the court reopen, and to catch a glimpse and perhaps a wave of the hand from the king whom they now loved with their whole hearts. They came all in their gayest, and as the cheerful crowd swayed backward and forward beyond the long line of guards that kept the entrance to the palace free, it was for all the world like a bank of flowers stirred by the wind.

Absorbed as I was in my own troubles, I could not restrain a feeling of pride that rose within me at the scene. Down through that roaring crowd, that cheered them again and again as they passed, it was as if all the old historic names of France had gathered to do honor to the day. And I felt, too, as I looked at the endless sea of heads, that this was no longer a France, at murderous war with itself, but a united and powerful nation, that was being led onward to its destiny by the strong hand of a man who had quenched a fratricidal struggle, and for the moment I forgot how small he could be who was yet so great.

The throng was so thick that for a time we were unable to gain a passage,

HE WAS PRESSING THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS TO HIS LIPS.

and were compelled to go at a walking pace, and Belin, reining in his fretting beast, exclaimed: "Faith, 'tis the largest gathering I have ever seen."

"All France is here to-day," said de Valryn. "There go d'Ossat and his eminence, fresh from the quirinal."

By this time I had collected myself in some degree, and began to try and rapidly rehearse in my mind what I should say when I came face to face wih the king; but I am not ashamed to confess that at each attempt I found myself getting more and more hopelessly confused, and, finally dropping the effort, determined to let the occasion find its own words. At last we were on the stairway, and in twenty minutes had entered the great hall which Henry had built himself, and which was known as the Galerie d'Apollon. Except for the vacant space around the still empty throne, the full length of its seventy yards was almost as much crowded as the hall below; but here the music was much louder, though the laughter and talk was not less merry and incessant. There was not, of course, nearly so much movement, and the people were more or less gathered in little knots or groups, though there were many gay butterflies flitting from one of these to the other.

"Keep by me," said de Belin, and almost as he spoke we came face to face with Travannes, de Gie and de Cosse-Brissac, all dressed in the extreme of fashion. Belin saluted coldly, but my heart warmed toward my old comrades in arms, and I stretched out my hand. This de Gie took limply, but Travannes and de Cosse-Brissac contented themselves with bows of the politest ceremony. The Vicomte de Gie was, however, effusive in speech if chill in manner. "It is not every one who could tear a hole in the edict as you have done, d'Auriac," he said, and then added with a smile, "but who made your cloak? 'Tis a trifle longer than we wear it here."

"It is short enough for me to see the king in," I answered, a little crisply.

"The king!" exclaimed both Travannes and Brissac, a marked interest in their tones.

"My dear fellow," said de Gie, interrupting my reply, "I knew you would fall on your feet—see here," and, stepping right up to me, he threw open my cloak slightly with a turn of his wrist, "wear it so, d'Auriac; it shows your cross of St. Denis now," then, dropping his voice, "friend or foe—are you for the marshal or the master general?"

"I am here for a short time," I replied. "I have come to see the king. I neither understand nor care about your intrigues."

"I understand perfectly, monsieur," he said, falling back, a half smile on his lips, and bowing to each other we passed on in different ways, they down and I up the hall to join de Belin, who had gone a few paces ahead.

"The king is still in his cabinet," he said, pointing to a closed door, before which a sentry stood on guard. "I go in at once. When I come out let it be the signal for you to join me. I will then present you, and mind, speak freely."

"I mean to," I answered, and with a nod he passed up through the press. I leaned against the pillar near which I was standing, and surveyed the crowd. Madame was nowhere there, or else I had missed her. Perhaps it was better so, for did I see her I might be unnerved, and here Bellegarde joined me.

"Do you see her?" he asked.

"See whom?" I answered, with a start and an eager look around.

"La belle Henriette. See, there she stands! A little court around her, with the brightest eyes and the sharpest tongue in France. I wager a hundred pistoles she will rule us all some day."

As events showed, Bellegarde was right, though that concerns not this story.

"Ah! There is Pimental—one moment, chevalier," and he left me to join his friend. I was again alone, and resigned myself to patience, when a voice seemed to whisper over my shoulder:

"If M. le Chevalier will kindly survey the other side of the room, perhaps he will be equally interested."

I turned round sharply. There was no one whom I could recognize as the person who had addressed me. On the other hand, however, I blessed him in my heart, for not ten feet away was madame, radiant and beautiful, with Palin by her side, and M. d'Ayen, with his arm in a silken sling, bowing before her. He was pressing the tips of her fingers to his lips when our eyes met, and, drawing away her hand, she made a half-movement toward me. I was by her side in a moment, and, as we shook hands, she said, with a smile:

"So we have met again, chevalier! In the Louvre, above all places," this with a slight rising of color.

"I thought I had missed you. I was looking for you everywhere, and had given you up. Of course, I knew you were in Paris."

"But the Rue Varenne was too distant a land to journey to? Come," she added, as I began to protest, "give me your arm and take me there," she indicated the upper end of the room; "the crush is not so great there—it is frightful here. M. d'Ayen will, I knew, excuse me." Here d'Ayen, who stood glaring at me, and biting the red feathers in his hat which he held in his hand, interposed: "I was in hopes that madame would give me the pleasure," he began—

"Another day, perhaps, baron," I cut in, rudely enough. "I trust," I added, in a kinder tone, "that your arm does not incommode you."

"It will heal soon," he said, in a thick voice, and turned away abruptly.

"He is very angry," madame said, following him with her eyes.

"That will heal, too, I hope—this way is easiest, I think," and I moved onward with my charge, still, however, keeping an eye on the door of the cabinet.

And now, as we made our way slowly toward the upper end of the room, I began to get tongue-tied, and madame, too, said nothing. Finally I blurted out: "I am to see the king in a few minutes."

She looked down and half whispered: "God give you success."

"Amen!" I echoed to her prayer.

And then in a way that pepole have when their hearts are full of grave things, we began to talk of matters light as air.

"The king is late to-day," madame said, glancing at the still closed door of the cabinet near which a curious crowd had gathered: "perhaps the cinque-pace will not come off," she ran on, "M. de Guiche told me that the king was to open it with Mlle. d'Entragues. Do you not see her there? That lovely black-eyed girl, talking to half a dozen people at once."

"Is she so very beautiful?"

"What a question to ask! I do not see a woman in the room to compare with her."

"To my mind her profile is too hard."

"Indeed!" Madame's face with its soft though clear outlines was half turned from me as she spoke. "I suppose then you do not care for her—a man never thinks with a woman in the matter of beauty. But I did think you would admire mademoiselle."

"Why should I, even supposing she was beautiful? To my mind there are two kinds of beauty."

And here I was interrupted by the sound of cheering from the Petite Galerie, and the sudden hush that fell on the room. As we moved down to see for whom the crush was parting on either side, we discovered that it was the marshal himself, and close at his heels was Lafin, with his sinister smile, and a dozen gentlemen, amongst whom I observed the grim figure of Adam de Gomeron. Madame saw the free lance too, and then turned her eyes to mine. She read the unspoken question in my look, her eyes met mine, and through her half-parted lips a low whisper came to me: "Never—never!"

"They are coming straight toward us," I said. "We will stand here and let them pass," and, with her fingers still resting on my arm, we moved a pace or so aside. As Biron came up there was almost a shout of welcome, and he bowed to the right and left of him, as though he were the king himself.

"It almost seems as if I shall not have my interview," I said to madame, a minute or so later when the commotion caused by Coiffier had ceased.

"When were you to go in?" she asked.

"As soon as ever M. de Belin came out to summon me."

"Then there he is," and as she spoke I saw the door open and Belin looked out. "Go," she said, and then our eyes met and I stepped up to the cabinet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How She Knew.

May—Rather a morose sort of man, isn't he?

Madge—Yes; but his heart's in the right place.

"How do you know that?"

"He told me last night that I was in sole possession of it."—Puck.

A Scarce Article.

"Bridget, I told you five times to have muffins for breakfast. Haven't you any intellect?"

"No, mum, there's none in the house."—Brooklyn Life.

The Reason.

He—Why were they married in such haste?

She—Each suspected the other of a desire to back out.—N. Y. World.

ON THE CITY STREETS

The Contrasts of Splendor and Woe Seen Upon Them.

Dr. Talmage Says They Are Unlike the Democratic Gospel of Christ—Their Shams, Pretensions and Temptations.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who has lived the most of his life in cities, draws practical lessons from his own observation; text, Proverbs 1:20: "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white-bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature. But how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again—and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped, and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels and shuffling with feet and humming with voices and covered with the breath of smokestacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do, but, for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety on their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love to toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stands over you, ready whenever you relax your toil to make your shoulders sting with the lash.

Can it be that passing up and down those streets on your way to work and business you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and turned aside and dashed ahead and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in Heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman." And the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the street, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together. The Lord is the Maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you have gained in society; you are nothing but man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledge not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to Heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid such affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through 30 years of the sharpshooting of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of Heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops simper and fools chuckle and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life unless he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls and drunkenness staggers and shame winks and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad, and he stooped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said, in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't He take away father so long ago I never remember to have seen him, and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are tying an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. Oh, Christian laymen, go out on this work. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up!

One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear. Though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie. She said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the street I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through the city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal.

No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, Heaven, beautiful Heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands, millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to Heaven. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come, and whosoever will let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching Heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

TOASTED HER GRANDCHILDREN

The Most Fiendish Deed of an Aged Negress of Sheridan, Arkansas.

News has just reached Pine Bluff, Ark., of the fiendish and barbarous deeds of an aged negress of Sheridan, a town 25 miles west of Pine Bluff, in Grant county. Several days since a white man passing the house of "Aunt Martha," this negress, heard heartrending cries within, and, stepping to the door, witnessed a sight which made his blood run cold. There, suspended over the flames, was Aunt Martha's four-year-old grandchild, being, as the negress termed it, "singed like a goose." For over a year the grandchildren of this human fiend have been dying at regular intervals of about five months, about four of them having passed away. Sheridan people now recall the fact that before the death of each severe burns would be noted upon its body, and believe each one has been a burnt sacrifice of Aunt Martha. The Sheridan authorities will fully investigate the affair.

HEAD OF A NUMEROUS FAMILY

John Chandler Is Father, Grandfather and Great-Grandfather to 162 Persons.

To be the head of a family of 162 persons is a record seldom falling to the lot of man. But such is the case with John Chandler, who resides in Allen county, Ky.

This gentleman is the father of 29 children, 21 of whom are now living and have families. These 21 children have an average of five children to each family, thus making Mr. Chandler the grandfather of 105 persons. But this is not the full extent of his offspring, for he has 35 great-grandchildren. So it will be seen that Mr. Chandler stands paterfamilias of 162—an achievement rarely equaled.

Mr. Chandler is a remarkable man in several other respects. Although 75 years of age, and residing in the hills of Allen county, he reads current literature and keeps himself informed on the leading topics of the day. He is an expert rifle shot, and spends a great deal of his time squirrel hunting.

OBSERVATORY AT MANILA.

Its Usefulness May Have Been Seriously Affected by the Recent Heavy Firing.

It is feared that the heavy firing in the course of the recent engagement at Manila will have a serious effect on the usefulness of the observatory, which is famous the world over for its investigation on earthquakes and earth disturbances, and a great deal of knowledge concerning typhoons depends upon the Manila observatory. When Dewey entered Manila bay with his squadron on the first day of May, the first shot warned Padre Doyle, who was in charge of the delicate instruments, of the necessity of sheltering them. The instruments were buried, and observation ceased until Gen. Otis notified him that the army and navy would afford him every protection in their power. The instruments were then exhumed, adjusted, and the recording of earthquakes and the forecasting of typhoons were continued as before. There was considerable anxiety as to the possible injury to the valuable and important instruments.

Area of the Philippines.

The area of the Philippines, according to the treasury monthly summary for December, is 144,326 square miles. This is equal to the combined area of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut. It is very near the area of Arizona or of Illinois and Iowa combined. The population is given at 6,990,000.

An Armless Baby.

An armless child born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Miller, of Venedy, Ill., is attracting a great deal of attention and is the wonder of medical men as well as other people. The attending physicians say that the boy is healthy and will survive. Besides having no arms, the child has only one-half of a tongue.

Want May 14 Specially Remembered.

The Floyd Memorial association, with headquarters at Sioux City, Ia., wants May 14 set aside by all the public schools in the Missouri river valley for special services and addresses in honor of Sergt. Charles Floyd, the first United States soldier who died on the "New Louisiana purchase."

A President in Poverty.

Rafael A. Guitterrez, who, five months ago was president of Salvador, is said to be living in dire poverty in Honduras. He brought about the greater republic of Central America and that proved to be his ruin.

Machine That Climbs a Fence.

A bill-posting machine which sticks bills on walls as high as 50 feet, without the use of ladder or paste pot, is doing successful work in Paris. Theatrical people are delighted with it.

AN ORIENTAL PEACH.

As a Slinger of Mongolian Taffy This Vassal Was a Winner in a Walk.

Her majesty, Tsi An, empress of China, sat in her palace in the purple Forbidden City, with her brow resting on her thumb and her index finger pushed up through her fringe. Rousing herself presently from her profound absorption she beckoned to a walnut-colored person plastered up against the yellow silk tapestry.

"Un-Hung," she said, "where is the emperor?"

"Dash your ignominious slave into a million atoms, oh, ameythyst flower of the Clestial kingdom," he responded, lying flat on his chest before her, "but your slave wotteth not."

"Wot?"

"No, most purple of our yellow lilies of the Yang-tse-Kiang, do not wot where the emperor is."

"And this to me?"

"Most beauteous descendant of all the gods, your vile slave speaks but the truth, though he lies here on his very stomach. He wotteth not where the emperor is."

"Slave, dog, canine wretch, scum of the Yellow river, did I not tell you what to do?"

"Truly, most divine of all the gentle, purple peoples of Peking, and your slave did it to the queen's taste, so to speak."

"Aha, then he is dead?"

"As a mackerel, O, yellow anemone of the crystal sea."

"Why liest thou, knowing that he is dead?"

"How the dickens, most marvelous of mandarin matrons, do I know where he is? I'm no fortune teller."

"Oho, aha," smiled her majesty, again relapsing into thought, "bring on another."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Waiter in a Dilemma.

It was in one of the large downtown restaurants that the short little woman and her tall husband went to dinner one night.

"Will you have oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare.

"Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. "And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded and, as he handed his order to the waiter he said: "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the table cloth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got very red. Then he came around to John's side and, speaking sotto voce, said: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all of these things. Will the lady have the hassock boiled or fried?"—Chicago Chronicle.

Railroad Across the English Channel.

The English Parliament is considering the plan of connecting that country with France by railway. Engineers say a roadbed can be laid on the bottom of the English channel, and by mounting trestlework on wheels, so that it projects above the water, the railway can be operated. This seems beyond belief, but it is perhaps no more remarkable than some of the cures accomplished by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in bad cases of dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. This is an age of wonderful achievements.

Scientific Note.

"I see that distilled water is really poisonous," said the majah. "That is what comes, sah, of interfering with nature."

"Right, sah," assented the colonel. "Natuah nevah intended the distillery, sah, to be idling its time away on watah, sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Our Industries.

"Cuba seems to adopt our industries quite readily."

"Yes, I'm told Cuban tobacco is already being produced in Cuba to some extent."—Detroit Journal.

The Best Prescription for Chills,

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Paternal Finesse.—"My son is taking an exhaustive course in political economy." "What's that for?" "I had to do something to keep him out of my business."—Chicago Daily Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Frankness may ruin a man, but duplicity always dishonors him.—Chicago Daily News.

The pen may be mightier than the sword; but it is always the pen that tells you so.—Town Topics.

Plant Line. Five sailings weekly. Port Tampa to Havana. Choice of routes, either via Key West or direct ships. Apply to L. A. Bell, 205 Clark Street, Chicago.

Some men think they deserve credit for liking their own children.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Often a man gets out of the rut only to get into the ditch.—Town Topics.

"It's gone," he said. "10 years of rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil did it."

Auctioneers are morbid men.—Christian Work.

It is easy, sure. It will vanish. Use St. Jacobs Oil for Neuralgia. It's done.

A high-toned young man—The tenor singer.—Christian Work.

"Spring Unlocks The Flowers

To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood—"The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well." SUSIE E. BROWN, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepsia, etc.—"A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured." N. B. SEELEY, 1874 W. 14th Av., Denver, Col.

Rheumatism—"My husband was obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh. I give it to the children with good results." MRS. J. S. McMATH, Stamford, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE HOTEL POTENTATE.

One of the Old Sort Who Wore the Air of a Monarch of the Highest Order.

"When I was in business with W. C. Coup, the famous circus man," said Mr. J. A. Whyte, the impresario, "we once had occasion to make a business trip to the northwest, and stayed a week or so in a certain big city, the name of which isn't essential to the story. We put up at the leading hotel, which is one of the finest and best known in the United States, and would have enjoyed ourselves if it hadn't been for the head clerk. He was one of a breed that has since become obsolete—thank heaven!—a haughly, disdainful potentate, who considered it beneath his dignity to show the slightest courtesy to any of the guests of the house. Mr. Coup, as all who knew him will confirm, was a polished man of the world, totally careless of money, never complaining, but accustomed to punctilious service. He bumped against the majestic ruler of the register several times and endured his affronts in silence. At last he told me quietly to secure quarters at another hotel, which I was only too glad to do. I reported that arrangements had been made, and he went down to settle our account. 'What is our bill, Mr. King?' he asked suavely. 'My name's not King,' snapped the clerk, and proceeded to figure up the amount. Coup took out his pocketbook. 'Strange,' he said pensively, 'but I have been under the impression all along that your name was King.' 'Well, my name ain't King,' retorted the clerk, 'and I don't know how you got that idea.' 'Nor I,' said Coup, 'unless it was because you act so much like one.'"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas,

Opens February 23. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates. Through sleepers via Frisco Line. Address J. O. Plank, Manager, Room H, Arcade, Century Building, or Frisco Ticket Office, No. 101 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Was a Poker Term.

"Did your rich aunt leave you anything?"

"Not a cent."

"Well, well! So she wasn't even a penny auntie to you, eh?"—Philadelphia North American.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes tight shoes easy. Cures Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25 cents.

For a Culinary Reason.

"Pa," said little Willie, "why is a bad actor called a 'ham?'"

"Perhaps," his father replied, "because he's so often served with eggs."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Tommy—"That church is over 200 years old." Cissy—"My aunt says it's only 100." Tommy—"Oh, well, I suppose that's as far back as she can remember."—Stray Stories.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

No man is too worthless for some woman to get stuck on him.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The bigot is always dead sure of something he knows nothing about.—Chicago Daily News.

Where's it gone? Ask St. Jacobs Oil. It cured that bruise—gone.

Theoretical philosophers are sometimes practicl fools.—Chicago Daily News.

Never mind a cane or crutch. St. Jacobs Oil will cure lame back.

MANY a dutiful daughter pays in pain for her mother's ignorance or perhaps neglect. The mother suffered and she thinks her daughter must suffer also. This is true only to a limited extent. No excessive pain is healthy. Every mother should inform herself for her own sake and especially for the sake of her daughter. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice about all matters concerning the ills of the feminine organs.

INDULGENT MOTHERS

Many a young girl's beauty is wasted by unnecessary pain at time of menstruation, and many indulgent mothers with mistaken kindness permit their daughters to grow careless about physical health.

MISS CARRIE M. LAMB, Big Beaver, Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—A year ago I suffered from profuse and irregular menstruation and leucorrhœa. My appetite was variable, stomach sour and bowels were not regular, and was subject to pains like colic during menstruation. I wrote you and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of Sanative Wash. You can't imagine my relief. My aches disappeared, and my general health improved."

MRS. NANNIE ADKINS, La Due, Mo., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to tell you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done my daughter. She suffered untold agony at time of menstruation before taking your medicine; but, the Compound has relieved the pain, given her a better color, and she feels stronger, and has improved every way. I am very grateful to you for the benefit she has received from it. It is a great medicine for young girls."

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water, and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder, and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in this paper.

DID NOT KNOW BERESFORD.

Marines at the Brooklyn Navy Yard Sought to Stop His Progress.

Lord Charles Beresford has returned to England well equipped with material for a good story about how he fooled the alert marines at the Brooklyn navy yard, with the assistance of an auto cab. Lord Charles had an engagement before he sailed to visit the navy yard. He had informed Commodore Philip, commandant of the yard, of the time he was to arrive, and the commodore telephoned instructions to the Sand street gate to admit Lord Charles and his carriage without question. He ordered, further, that the marines on duty at the gate should line up and stand at attention as the rear admiral of the English navy rode in.

Down through the mud of Sand street came bowling along a common-looking horseless cab. The sharp-eyed sentry paid no attention whatever to the auto-cab, which audaciously ran through the gate and was several yards into the grounds before the sergeant of marines ran out and stopped it. "Back up," ordered the sergeant of marines. "There's never been a horseless carriage in this navy yard, and there won't be while I'm here."

So the man on the cab began maneuvering to back out the gate, when a large, good-natured face protruded from the cab window.

"I guess you don't know me," said the owner of the face, smilingly. "I'm Beresford."

The sergeant of marines retained presence of mind enough to refrain from fainting, the guard poured out and stood at attention and the triumphant man on the cab steered his buzzing vehicle into the yard, where Commodore Philip met his guest.

ENDURANCE OF A FOX HOUND.

Remarkable Chase for Nearly Forty-Eight Hours by a Kentucky Dog.

The most remarkable fox chase on record, so far as the test of a hound's endurance is concerned, took place in eastern Kentucky last week. Ben Matthews, a negro residing in Breckinridge county, is the possessor of a famous hunter named Queen, which animal started the chase with four other dogs, wore out several packs before the chase was anything like ended, and did not stop for food, drink or sleep for nearly 48 hours. Queen ran incessantly all day and all night for two days and nights, and before the chase came to an end the whole countryside was attracted to it. The dog, after running Reynard to cover, lay down upon the ground, limp and almost dead. When found she was so stiff and sore that she was taken home in the arms of her owner. Queen, in that section of the country, has the reputation of being the best fox hunter on earth. This remarkable chase was started by Queen and for the first 24 hours no person took any interest in it.

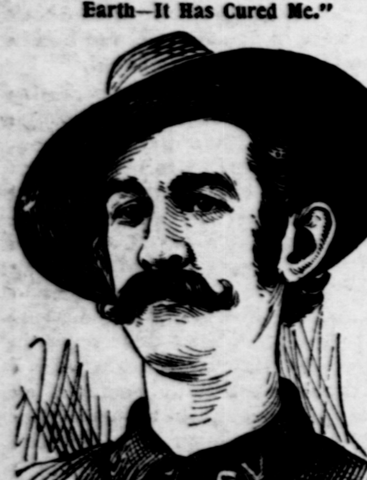
The Real Ordeal.

"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on."

"Yes; said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."—Detroit Journal.

THE ROUGH RIDER, BUCK TAYLOR, SAYS:

"Pe-ru-na Is the Best Catarrh Cure on Earth—It Has Cured Me."



Sergeant Buck Taylor.

Sergeant Buck Taylor, one of the famous Rough Riders, is a personal friend of Governor Roosevelt, of New York. He accompanied Governor Roosevelt on his great stumping tour through upper New York state. He was promoted through gallantry in the field during the late war.

The Sergeant has the following to say of Pe-ru-na: "I think there is no better medicine on earth than Pe-ru-na, for catarrh. It has cured me. It would take a volume to tell you all the good it has done me. Pe-ru-na is the best catarrh cure on earth, and I know, for I have tried nearly all of them. Respectfully,

"Buck F. Taylor."

Winter weather causes catarrh. Everybody knows this. But everybody does not stop to think that winter weather delays the cure of catarrh. It takes longer to cure a case of catarrh in the winter generally, than in the warm season. Spring is here. Now is the time favorable to the treatment of old and especially stubborn cases of catarrh.

Send for book entitled "Facts and Faces." Sent free by The Pe-ru-na Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, O.

DIGGING FOR THE DEAD

The Terrible Conflagration in the Windsor Hotel, New York.

Sixteen People Are Known to Be Dead and Forty-Four Are Missing.

A Long List of Mangled and Burned Victims---Several Will Die.

Little Progress Made in Removing the Debris From the Ruins of the Hotel.

Abner McKinley's Family, Who Were Guests of the Hotel, Miraculously Escaped.

Daring Rescues, From Windows to Death, Scenes of Heartrending Intensity Described—Financial Loss of Almost One Million Dollars on Hotel.

New York, March 19.—Flames which originated from the igniting of a lace curtain burst forth from the second floor of the Windsor hotel at 47th street and Fifth avenue, shortly after 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, just as the St. Patrick's day parade was passing the building and in a few moments they had leaped up to the roof and enveloped the entire Fifth avenue and 47th street fronts of the hotel. Ten minutes later the flames were roaring through the interior of the hotel, and all escape by means of stairways and elevators was cut off. There was the wildest scene of excitement within and without the building. Hundreds of guests and employes were in the hotel when the fire broke out, and for many of them to escape with safety was impossible.

Soon after the first alarm was given people in the lower floors of the hotel, those who had easy access to the street and the stairway, commenced to pour out of the building in great numbers, but it soon became very apparent that a great majority of the occupants of the hotel were either panic stricken or unable to make their way to the ground floor. Windows were thrown up on every side of the building and the guests, mostly women, in all stages of terror, made their appearance and uttered frantic appeals for assistance to the crowd below. As the flames gathered about them they became more and more terror stricken, and presently some of them stood upon the narrow window sills and beckoned to the spectators that they were about to leap. The men collected upon the sidewalks ready to render any assistance they could, and in the meantime some of the women left the window sills and dropped to the streets. In most instances the efforts to catch them and break their awful fall were unavailing, for they struck the sidewalk and in most cases broken limbs were the result.

As soon as the firemen could get their scaling ladders into position they climbed the sides of the building and entered at every window where there was an unfortunate guest appealing for assistance, and many cases of heroic rescue were witnessed by the throng in the streets. At the corner of 47th street and 5th avenue, directly across from the hotel is the home of Miss Helen Gould, and at her direction many of the injured were carried there and were treated by physicians and nurses whom she had sent for. In the meantime the chief of police had telephoned to every hospital in the city, asking that assistance be sent. Ambulances forced their way through the crowds as quickly as possible and the injured people who had made the frightful leaps from the hotel windows were placed in them and removed to the hospitals. Several occupants of the hotel appeared at the windows of the sixth and seventh stories and even on the roof and leaped to the streets from those points.

Very few of them escaped either instant death or injuries which resulted in their death a short time later.

One of the most daring rescues effected by the firemen occurred on the fifth floor on the 5th avenue front. An elderly woman was seen at a window and two firemen succeeded in reaching the window immediately underneath. One of them climbed to the coping of the window on which she was standing and then swung the woman clear of the window and landed her safe in the arms of his companion, who with the assistance of several other firemen, passed her down to the street.

The first horror occurred just 15 minutes after the fire broke out. A handsome woman appeared at the window of a room on the fourth floor. She held out her arms to the crown below. Then she raised her hands as if in supplication, and in a moment climbed to the window and leaped. She turned about like a top and struck the iron railing in front of the hotel. Her body seem to be impaled there, but fell off and into the area way. She was dead. The woman was identified as Mrs. Amelia Paddock, of Irvington, N. Y.

New York, March 20.—The most complete list of casualties at the Windsor hotel fire shows that 14 persons were killed and possibly 15, without attempting to speculate on the bodies in the ruins. Forty persons missing. Fifty-two names are in the list of injured whose whereabouts are known.

Three fire engines and a hundred policemen remained all night about the burning building. Those engines poured six large streams of water on the flames, which would start up at intervals in spite of the firemen. Little explosions occurred every once in a while from escaping gas, the pipes having been smashed all over the lower part of the building, the only part that was left. Citizens were kept a block away from the ruins, as pieces of wall were falling every now and then and there was danger that the portion of wall at the back of the building and that on the 46th street side might fall at any time. The bit of wall on the 46th street side tapered to a point and still held two chimneys in place. It was pulled down during the day. The wall on the rear side, seven stories high, was still standing, but it looked as though it might fall with the first stiff breeze. The wall on the 47th street side was about two stories high, and that in front on Fifth avenue about the same height. The walls had breaks in them and had jagged tops, adding to the hideous appearance of the ruins behind them, which smoked and steamed and emitted a bad stench.

Fifth avenue and 46th and 47th streets were impassable. They were covered with debris from the walls of the hotel and in many instances flagstones were broken by the great crash of stone and brick.

The home of Helen Gould, on the northeast corner of 47th street, was surrounded by a cordon of police all night and morning, while detectives guarded the interior. A policeman accompanied every person who entered the house. Beyond a few windows being broken, the house was scarcely damaged at all, except very slightly on top where the fire caught Friday. The interior was in great confusion. All bodies and all the injured had been taken away. Miss Gould and her brother Frank slept in the house all night.

The surviving daughter of Warren Leland, Fanny, remains at the residence of ex-Gov. Flower. She is prostrated by the calamity that has fallen on the family. Warren G. Leland, jr., stated emphatically Saturday morning that though his father is prostrated with grief, he is not at all insane as had been reported. "He is grief-stricken, but sane as he ever was," said young Leland.

He added that he thought the books of the hotel, including the register, could be gotten at some time Saturday; also, the safe, in which there was considerable money and valuables of those staying at the hotel. The register will be invaluable in clearing up the list of dead, missing and injured.

A. A. Nimis, of this city, said he went to the hotel Friday afternoon arriving at 3 o'clock. He went up in the elevator to go to the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wichelmann, who are missing. At the third floor he and the other persons in the elevator heard the shouts of fire, and the elevator stopped at the third floor. He got out and ran to the front of the house to a fire escape. As he passed the end room he saw a man, a stranger, and one who did not appear to be a guest of the house, grabbing up valuables in the room, like a miser. He said he was astounded at the sight.

"I caught the man," said Mr. Nimis," and said: "Why don't you try to save some lives instead of robbing dead people? The man turned his face to me and gave me a look that seemed to be a murderer's. Then he dashed out. He was about 29 years old and dark. I'm sure he was not a guest of the hotel."

John McGuire, of this city, was looking for his niece, Mary Clair, who is 23 years old, and was employed as a chambermaid on the sixth floor of the hotel. He had seen nothing of her since the fire.

REVISED LIST OF DEAD.

John Connolly, employe of hotel, died at Flower hospital; Mrs. Addie Gibson, 35, Cincinnati, O., shock, died at Murray Hill hotel; Eleanor Louis Goodman, 17, daughter of Samuel Goodman, of this city, died at Bellevue hospital; Miss Laselics Grandy, of Elizabeth City, N. C., here on a shopping tour, burned to death; Mrs. Maurice P. Henry, of this city, who died at Roosevelt hospital at 9 o'clock Saturday morning from burns and injuries; Nancy Ann Kirk, widow of James S. Kirk, soap manufacturer, Chicago, died at Bellevue hospital; Mrs. Warren Leland, wife of the proprietor of the hotel, burns of body, died at Flower hospital; Miss Helen Leland, daughter of the hotel proprietor, found dead. Amelia Paddock, aged 35, of Irvington, N.Y., died at the fire. Mary Sullivan, died at Bellevue hospital, of this city. Unknown man, who jumped from roof at rear of hotel. Unknown woman, who jumped from a Fifth Avenue window, died at Helen Gould's house. Unknown child, thrown from window by mother. Unknown woman, mother of child above mentioned, who jumped from hotel window. Unknown woman, jumped from window, died at 19 East 46th street.

New York, March 20.—Little progress was made Sunday in removing the debris of the Windsor hotel fire in the effort to discover the bodies that are supposed to lie buried there. All day long 200 men labored as much as the misty, muddy, steaming mass of broken stones, twisted iron and crushed brick would admit. A heavy, stifling vapor arose continually retarding progress of the workers and keeping them for the most part away from the center of the ruins. From Fifth avenue much of the debris that had fallen into the street had been cleared away and the men were able to reach a portion of the first floor. What small portions of wall could be blasted down were leveled, but the great pillar of brick at the 47th street end still stood. It was in such a threatening condition that the police notified the residents of the houses across the street to remain in the rear of their dwellings to prevent any fatalities when the crash came.

Up to midnight no bodies had been discovered and no more deaths from injuries received at the fire were reported from the hospitals, but a number of the injured were still in a serious condition. The death list remains the same as Saturday—sixteen—and the list of missing has been reduced to 44, as a number of those previously unaccounted for reported in person or had been located by friends.

Just before midnight two sections of the rear or eastern wall of the hotel fell in with a mighty crash. Fortunately no one was near and the collapse was more beneficial than otherwise.

Two engines were still on the ground at a late hour throwing streams on the wreck.

The only things found during the early part of the night were a set of artificial teeth on a gold plate and some articles of clothing.

Sunday night the persons living in the three houses nearest to the wall on 47th street were ordered out by the police because of the danger of its being blown down by the high wind.

The ruins still smoulder and the smoke and gases blowing in the faces of the workers made their task one of great toil and hardship. From time to time men were compelled to desist for a few minutes. By midnight the laborers had excavated back from the front building line and to the sub-basement for a distance of fifteen feet. The great value of jewels and jewelry in the wreck made the men work carefully. Each shovelful of the refuse was carefully examined before being placed in the carts. Policemen both in uniform and in the guise of foremen mingled with the workingmen and carefully watched their every movement. More than that the men were searched at the end of their shifts. Many of the men resented this, saying that it was unnecessary and protesting that no man would think of taking such property, and especially under the circumstances. The contractors and the officials of the building department were obdurate, however, and said they would take no chances and that every one must be searched.

JOS. HAWORTH, THE ACTOR.

It Was Feared That He Perished in the Windsor Hotel—He Is in Philadelphia Safe and Sound.

Cleveland, O., March 20.—The relations in this city of Joseph Haworth, the actor, are fearful that he perished in the Windsor hotel fire. They have heard nothing from him since the burning of the hotel. His sister, Mrs. J. E. O'Connor, received on Thursday a letter that was mailed at Atlantic City on Wednesday. In the letter Mr. Haworth said he would start that day for New York and would stay at the Windsor hotel. He said he was going in company with Rev. F. P. Moore, of No. 88 Fulton street, Wakefield, N. Y. A telegram has been sent to Mr. Moore, but no reply has been received. Mr. Haworth's relatives have not given up hope, but they can not understand why no news of his whereabouts has been received if he is still alive.

Later—A special from Philadelphia says: Joseph Haworth arrived here Sunday night and registered at the Hotel Lafayette. He came direct from Atlantic City.

Tennessee Damaged by a Tornado.

Huntsville, Ala., March 20.—The tornado which struck the northern part of Madison county Saturday night did a great deal of damage to houses and farm property, but so far no lives have been reported lost. The damage in the extreme southern part of Tennessee can not be estimated. Passengers who arrived Saturday night on a train from the north reported that people were coming into the railway stations in quest of physicians to attend the injured.

A Lynching Feared.

Mount Vernon, Ga., March 20.—W. T. Channel, agent of the Georgia & Alabama railroad at Glenwood, arrived here Saturday from that city under the care of two deputies to avoid possible consequences of an insecure jail there. Channel killed W. H. Thompson, postmaster at Glenwood, and owing to the postmaster's popularity a lynching was feared. Ill feeling had existed between the two men for a long time.

Stranded Speculators.

Seattle, Wash., March 20.—Miners who have arrived here from Copper river, Alaska, say that Gov. Brady has been requested to ask the government to send a vessel to Copper river for the purpose of bringing home stranded prospectors. There are between two and three hundred of these men who are without means to secure transportation. Many of them are suffering from scurvy.

Swallowed His False Teeth.

Dayton, Ky., March 20.—John Swiss, a street-car conductor, went to bed and forgot to remove his false teeth. He was awakened during the night by a choking sensation, and found that his teeth had lodged in his throat. A physician labored for over an hour trying to extricate the teeth, but failed, and in order to keep the man from choking to death, the teeth were forced down into the stomach.

Losing His Mind.

Huntington, Ind., March 20.—Clyde Albright, of Sidney, a compositor at the United States Publishing house, shot himself Friday evening, and was found Saturday morning by employes lying on the floor of the composing room still alive, but unconscious. He died Sunday. He left a letter stating that he was losing his mind.

The Oregon Arrives at Manila.

Washington, March 20.—The battle ship Oregon has arrived at Manila. A cablegram from Adm. Dewey was received at the navy department Saturday morning, announcing the arrival of the Oregon and Iris. Adm. Dewey says the famous battle ship is in good condition and fit for any duty to which she may be assigned.

Grace Kyle's Romance.

Evansville, Ind., March 20.—Miss Grace Kyle, of this place, is on the way to Sault Ste. Marie, Wis., where she will be married to Mitchell Perry, a young business man of that place. The marriage is the result of a courtship by mail. The correspondence was begun in a spirit of fun, and ended in the two falling in love with each other.

A Midget in the Infirmary.

Cincinnati, March 20.—Mrs. Anna King, aged 65, an inmate of the city infirmary, is said to be the only midget inmate of any public institution in the country. She is only three feet four inches high and weighs 68 pounds. She has been an inmate of the place for two years. She was sent there from Walnut Hills.

No Trace of Cary B. Monroe.

Louisville, Ky., March 20.—No trace has yet been found of Cary B. Monroe, superintendent of the Globe Tanning Co. and financial reporter of Loyal lodge No. 1433, Knights of Honor. He has been missing from home since March 6.

Salary Cut in Two.

Shelbyville, Ind., March 20.—The republican city council has cut Marshal Cooper's salary from $700 to $350 per year. Cooper is a democrat. The actions of the council are being severely criticised.

Madden's Big Barn.

Lexington, Ky., March 20.—Hendricks & Bro., of this city, were awarded the contract for the erection of a $15,000 barn at John E. Madden's Hamburg farm. The barn is to be 466 by 60 feet.

Accepts the Call.

Owensboro, Ky., March 20.—Dr. C. P. Luce has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church, at Anderson, Ind.

PORTO RICO'S FIRST CIRCUS.

It Was the First American Attraction After the Victory of Our Troops.

"The first American amusement enterprise which invaded Porto Rico after the American troops landed," said Ralph Pomeroy of the Columbia theater, "was a little American-Japanese circus, which stopped on its way home from a tour of South America and put up its little round-topped tent just outside the city of Ponce. It lasted one week, during which time the tent was packed twice a day with appreciative audiences, but very little money came in at the door. Then it died a miserable death at the hands of a Spanish sheriff or some other kind of petty civil officer. The way of it was this: The Second and Third Wisconsin regiments, some United States regular artillery batteries and Illinois volunteer engineers were camped just outside of Ponce, and just across the road from where the tent was pitched. The Japanese manager of the show had expected that the military would be his best-paying patrons, but the fact that none of them had had any pay for about three months completely upset his plans. The natives were awed by the presence of the troops and in no mood for amusement of any kind, and the result was that very few gave up their coin at the door. The first day the show opened the manager thought to gain the good will of the soldiers by admitting them all free as soon as the performance began. He thus established a precedent, of which the soldiers took advantage at every performance. They would stand around by companies until the wheezy hand organ announced that the performance had begun, when they advanced by rushes into the tent, filling every available inch, but committing no violence and keeping the best of order. No circus ever had a more appreciative or demonstrative audience. Every act of the Japanese jugglers, American song and dance team and lady contortionist was encored. But not even in Porto Rico can a show live on applause, unaccompanied by coin, and at the end of the week poor little Fukino, the Japanese manager, saw his tent and properties seized for debt, and he and his five performers were compelled to apply to the military authorities for transportation to America, which they got on one of the returning troopships. The soldier boys will always feel grateful, however, to Manager Fukino for furnishing them the one little ray of amusement that lit up their hard-worked and ill-fed days in Porto Rico."—St. Louis Republic.

A Horse's Long Swim.

The well-known legend of Sir Robert de Shurland recites how he killed the priest who demanded a fee before he would read the service over a deceased vassal, and how the knight swam his horse some good miles out to sea by the North Foreland to beg pardon to the king, whose ship was sailing by. This legend is paralleled, as far as the equine performance is concerned, by the following incident: One afternoon recently the inhabitants of Boulmar, an isolated fishing village on the coast of Northumberland, were startled by a report conveyed to them by a gentleman on horseback that a horse ridden by Lord Howick, son of Earl Grey, had bolted, and taken to the sea with its rider. When the news spread over the village people hurried to the scene of the occurrence. A boat, manned by [illegible], was immediately launched, and proceeded to where they were directed by the messenger, but before [illegible] arrived the horse itself had come safely to land, after having had a swim of about two miles. Lord Howick, it appears, had jumped from his horse when it first took the water, but not without having to swim a short distance.—Household Words.

The Mystery of the Two Sleeves.

One must be unusually quick-witted to endure the cross-examination of a skillful lawyer. In an action for payment of a tailor's account, a witness swore that a certain overcoat was badly made, one sleeve being shorter than the other.

"You wish," said the lawyer, slowly rising to cross-examine, "swear that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?"

"I will," said the witness.

"Then, sir," thundered the lawyer, quickly, with a flash of indignation, "I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was longer than the other?"

Startled, the witness said: "I do deny it."

A storm of laughter ensued. After it had died away, the lawyer said, meaningly:

"Thank you, sir; I've no more questions."—Philadelphia Saturday Post.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

There is some excuse for the babies to talk that way; they don't know any better.

Probably if the women weren't allowed to cry at weddings they would laugh at funerals.

The truest love a woman gives a man is the same kind which she gives to a child, and to give him this she must see weakness in him.

The proportion of men who tell their wives all about their business is about as great as the proportion of women who don't tell their husbands all about their home trials.—N. Y. Press.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, March 20.		
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common..	$3 00	@ 3 75
Select butchers	4 35	@ 4 65
CALVES—Fair to good light..	6 00	@ 6 75
HOGS—Coarse and heavy	3 70	@ 3 85
Mixed packers	3 80	@ 3 90
Light shippers	3 80	@ 3 10
SHEEP—Choice	3 00	@ 4 00
LAMBS—Spring	8 00	@10 00
FLOUR—Winter family	2 45	@ 2 65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new		@ 71
No. 3 red		@ 72
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@ 35
Oats—No. 2		@ 28¼
Rye—No. 2		@ 59
HAY—Prime to choice	9 25	@ 9 50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork..		@ 9 75
Lard		@ 5 07½
BUTTER—Choice dairy		@ 12½
Prime to choice creamery		@ 22
APPLES—Choice to fancy	4 00	@ 4 50
POTATOES—Per bu	85	@ 1 20
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 50	@ 3 60
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@ 70
No. 3 Chicago spring	61	@ 67
CORN—No. 2	33¼	@ 3[illegible]
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 26¼
PORK—Mess	8 85	@ 8 90
LARD—Steam	5 22½	@ 5 25
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 75	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 79¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed	41¾	@ 43
RYE		@ 65
OATS—Mixed		@ 31¼
PORK—New Mess	9 95	@10 25
LARD—Western		@ 5 50
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	3 30	@ 3 60
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 red	71¾	@ 73
Southern	67	@ 72
Corn—Mixed	36¼	@ 36¾
Oats—No. 2 white	34½	@ 35
Rye—No. 2 western		@ 61¼
CATTLE—First quality	4 50	@ 4 80
HOGS—Western	4 40	@ 4 50
INDIANAPOLIS.		
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2		@ 69
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@ 33¼
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@ 29
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 75	@ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	72	@ 74
Corn—Mixed		@ 3[illegible]
Oats—Mixed		@ 30¼
PORK—Mess		@10 00
LARD—Steam		@ 6 25

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"Wa-all, then, Doc, I'm feelin' kinder sawter, so to express it. Ain't sick enough to go to bed, nor well enough to do anything that looks like work. Ain't rich enough to need a vacation, nor poor enough not to feel like I want one. Can't say I've got spring fever or palpitation of the heart, for the first ain't in season now, an' I'm too durn big an' husky for anybody to believe the latter. The simple fact of the case is that I'm truthful enough to own up that I'm lazy, without any frills or ornaments—jest plain lazy, an' honest enough to confess it. That's all in the world is the matter with me."—Puck.

During the Solo.

The Man—Anyway, her singing drowns conversation.

The Maid—Dear me! I always understood that drowning was an easy death.—N. Y. Journal.

No Reciprocity.—"I could tell you an amusing incident about my visit to the British museum," said the friend who had traveled, "which you are welcome to publish if you don't use my name." "The British museum," coldly replied the editor of the Boomville Terror, "has never sent me any complimentaries, so far as I can remember, and it isn't going to get any free advertising in this paper."—Chicago Tribune.

"I," said the orator, "am an American of the good old stock, rooted deep in the soil—" "The only stock I ever heard of that rooted deep in the soil," said the farmer in the audience, "was hogs."—Indianapolis Journal.

This would be a quiet, peaceable world were it not for the movements of the under jaw.—Chicago Daily News.

Upon a man stating that he owned a mule, a friend asserted that it was a case of self-possession.—Boston Watchman.

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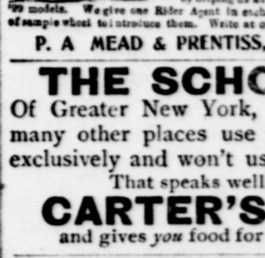

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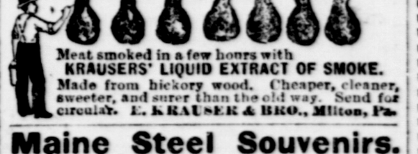

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For County Judge.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF BATH COUNTY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Judge of the Bath County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party, and declare that I favor the following:—

1st. An economical administration of the fiscal affairs of the county;

2d. The payment of all just and legal obligations of the county in the most speedy manner consistent with public interests;

3d. A reduction of expenses, including salaries of county officers;

4th, The further acquiring and taking up of all the remaining turnpike roads in the county and keeping them in repair;

5th, An economical and judicial expenditure of the turnpike fund, to the end that free turnpikes may reach the free legitimate conclusions and expectations and desires of the people.

Upon these issues I solicit your support. JOHN A. DAUGHERTY.

We are authorized to announce L. S. Rogers, of near Sharpsburg, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Judge of Bath. Your support is solicited.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—To the Voters of Bath County: I am a candidate for the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democrats of the county, and if I should be nominated and elected will try to give my attention to the office, to do my duty to the best interest of the county, and as well to the poor as to the rich. Trusting to your good judgment in selecting your candidate, I am respectfully, your humble servant and fellow-citizen,

D. S. TRUMBO.

For County Superintendent of Schools.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF BATH COUNTY.—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of School Commissioner of Bath county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Your support is earnestly solicited.

J. D. MYERS.

We are authorized to announce Woodson P. Perry a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Superintendent of Public Schools.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899.

Don't Get Scared.

The greatest show of all ages is billed for a sort of continuous performance this year. Indeed, the first act has already taken place in the form of the late cold snaps. As will be seen in the article headed "Falb's Prophecies," reprinted in this issue, Prof. Rudolph Falb, scientist, is the advance agent of this show and billed the earth some years previously. But along in July and August the performance is to be wildly exciting, when the eastern coast of America is to be washed away by a mighty tidal wave, and earthquakes are to make islands of Florida and California. An intermission lasts then until Nov. 13th, when the grand finale comes in a finish contest between the earth and a comet, rough-and-tumble rules. It may happen that there will be nothing of earth or comet left but cosmic dust. Hence it is not advisable to purchase tickets for any concert after the main performance. The stars may chant a requiem, the music of the spheres may continue a sublime symphony, but if Falb's apprehensions come to pass all humanity, as ghosts, can dead-head it at the concert bigger than life.

Prof. Falb's predictions are interesting, but not convincing, despite his standing as a reputable scientist. It is within the bounds of probability that he is really speculating from a scientific basis and permitting his imagination to frolic with his facts.

Astronomy is a favorite field for the speculative scientist. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, loves to imagine the dire results likely to follow in time the working out of natural laws.

Our own Irl Hicks, of St. Louis, from a professed scientific standpoint, issues regularly his meteorological forecasts, that are accepted at face value by a wide constituency, although he has failed nearly uniformly to hit on the really important occasions. For instance, he failed in his generally circulated prediction for last month to make any mention of the terrible and long-continued cold wave that made a new record in a large part of the United States. Also, for March, 1893 (?), he predicted a dreadful time of earthquakes and storms, when in fact that March turned out to be the most lamb like March in a long series of years. The records will show that he has missed it badly many a time, proving that however much he forecasts from a scientific basis his conclusions are not truly scientific, but are merely speculative. On the other hand, while his predictions partake somewhat of the nature of the utterances of the Delphic oracle, he does forecast the weather often enough to make a great many believe in his prognostications, or, at least, to eagerly read them.

These sorts of scientific speculations are all right in their place, but they are out of their place when they assume to give the value of what will be to what may be. When astronomers agree in calculating what will be the position of the heavenly bodies at a certain time the world accepts their conclusions as truly scientific. If Falb's conclusions are really scientific there ought to be no permanent difficulty in showing to other scientists the accuracy of what he predicts will result from the operation of natural laws. Until he does so laymen ought to feel no more serious apprehensions than they did in regard to Mother Shipton's famous rhymed prophecy of the Cosmic Ballyhoo that didn't occur in 1881.

BUT a short time ago gold as money was so inhospitably treated and so fiercely abused that it fled from circulation among the people. But times have changed, and gold has returned among the people, making friends with them and pleading for their hospitality as it hasn't done since the Civil war.

President F. S. Allen, of the Exchange Bank of Sharpsburg, received this letter from a correspondent:—

"Cincinnati, O., March 13th, 1899.

"Gentlemen:—

"There seems to be a great scarcity of shipping currency,—that is, 5's, 10's and 20's,—not only in Cincinnati but all over the country. We cannot get any of this currency from our Asst. Treasurer of the United States in Cincinnati, as they are paying gold for checks on themselves. We may find it necessary for the present on your orders for currency to ship gold. You may be assured we will not ship it if we can get anything else. Please advise us if this meets your approval.

"Yours respectfully,

"O. H. TUDOR, Cashier

Ohio Valley Nat. Bank, Cin., O."

At Washington the Treasury Department is forcing gold into circulation, partly because of the scarcity of paper currency and probably partly for the purpose of again familiarizing the people with the yellow money,—the real thing, that goes in all the civilized world for its actual weight and fineness, regardless of the credit of the nation that has put its stamp upon it. The United States might be sunk into the sea by a Falb earthquake, but U. S. gold coin would still pass current, not by reason of the stamp upon it, but because of the value of the imperial yellow metal in it; whereas U. S. paper currency in like event would be worth about the same as Confederate paper money.

PINGREE, Altgeld, Harvey and Debs are on a committee the Secretary of which has issued a call for a conference of "progressive men and women" to meet at Buffalo, N. Y., June 28th to July 3d, with a probable view of forming a new party, so it is conjectured. There is a crying need for a new party with Pingree the Presidential nominee to divide with Wharton Barker the distinguished honor of being a nominee a long while in advance of the usual time for making nominations.

GIVE William Jennings Bryan credit for a sagacious self-restraint under circumstances the most trying. At Brenham, Texas, a pretty young lady among the crowd at the station blushingly asked him to kiss her, but Bryan politely informed her that he wasn't Hobson. That kiss would have been one of the dearest on record, as it would have cost Bryan the next Democratic Presidential nomination.

THE pack of wolfish nations are, turn about, taking a bite out the Chinese sheep. The snarling scramble for a meal to repletion off the carcass is liable to occur at any time. If by some chance the carcass should be poisoned and fatalities should occur in consequence Justice's eye-bandage would readily absorb her tears.

A COSTLY item of the late war is that of the claims of American citizens for losses sustained during the Cuban insurrection, the United States having assumed liability for such claims. Already $21,000,000 of them have been filed.

THE Cuban Assembly made an unlucky play in deposing Gen. Gomez. Instead of Gomez suffering, the Assembly has about wrecked itself.

ACTING GOVERNOR WORTHINGTON is running his pardon mill as usual during the absence of Governor Bradley from the State.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Forge Hill.

James Day, of Fleming county, bought a horse of W. A. Williams for $80.

William Conley, of Rowan Co., has moved to the property lately purchased by J. Roe Myers.

James Anderson is not expected to live but a few days. Later.—He did at 1:30 a. m. Tuesday morning.

The officers of the Slate Valley Christian Church are to be congratulated on having secured Bro. B. F. Parker to preach at that place this year. The choice seems to be agreeable to almost every member.

Grange City.

Lewis Fauns has the measles.

Miss Jessie Myers is visiting relatives in Bath county.

Geo. Colliver and family moved to Poplar Plains last week.

Edward Walton and family have moved to M. C. Price's farm.

Miss Agnes Shepherd, of Cowan, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ollie Williams.

Miss Myrtle McLain, of Bath Co., visited her parents here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Richards, of Owingsville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. J. Havens, near town.

Naylor's Branch.

Mrs. John Goodpaster has rheumatism.

Miss Lucy Coyle lost by death a yearling colt.

Mrs. C. W. Markland continues about the same.

There are very few tobacco beds burnt in this community.

J. M. Richart purchased of John Horseman his crop of tobacco at 5c.

Warren Warner has been sick with something like flux, but is some better.

Silas Barber had 2 sheep killed by dogs one day last week, and four more badly injured.

Everybody seemed to be pleased with Brother T. S. Tinsley's lecture at the Slate Valley Church.

Died, on Friday, March 17, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., 3-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Coyle, of double pneumonia, and was buried on J. T. Lathram's place at 3 o'clock Saturday evening. The parents have the sympathy of this community in the sad loss. For the Lord sayeth: "Suffer little children to come to me."

Upper Prickly Ash.

Misses Era and Fannie Hamilton visited friends on White Oak last week.

Elder B. F. Parker will preach at Harper's school-house next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

There will be prayer-meeting at Harper's school-house every Saturday night.

George Kerr and family, of Salt Lick, moved into the house vacated by Woodson Shrout.

H. A. Lyter and wife visited Thomas Ryan and wife, at Reynoldsville, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Pearce Goodpaster and sister, Mrs. Jennie Hamilton, visited Mrs. Ella Hamilton, near Mt. Sterling, last week.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather there was not a large crowd to hear Elder Tinsley at Harper's Sunday evening.

Thomas Jones and little son Charlie, of near Millersburg, were in the neighborhood last week on business and were the guests of Nathaniel Markland.

W. D. Darnell and wife, after a week's visit to relatives on White Oak, visited Mrs. Darnell's sister, Mrs. Pearce Goodpaster, Sunday night en route home.

Salt Lick.

Our public school closed Friday.

Mrs. Jennie Staton is very low with consumption.

Miss Kate Bates, of Riverside, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Lizzie Green visited in Farmers one day last week.

W. J. Fell started several teams to hauling staves last week.

W. A. Whitcomb and J. H. Campbell were in Mt. Sterling Monday.

The Salt Lick Brick & Tile Factory resumed operations last week.

H. H. Lewis and Henry Wills attended County Court at Mt. Sterling Monday.

M. P. Morris and wife, of Yale, visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Vina Dickerson, Sunday.

Rev. W. G. Vaughn commenced a series of meetings at the Methodist Church Saturday night.

Last Sunday we had what we hope was the last touch of winter. The rain of Saturday night turned to snow and made us feel that something had gone wrong with our calendar and we had been pushed back into mid-winter again.

Crooks.

A mad dog passed through here last week.

Jack Pierce, of Mt. Sterling, was here last week.

Nearly everybody is through burning tobacco beds.

Born, March 15, to Mrs. Archie Carmichael, a ten-pound boy.

A house belonging to George Eldridge burned about 4 o'clock Friday morning. Some insurance.

This neighborhood is overrun with disease, such as mumps, measles, whooping-cough and grip.

Died, at his home on the Forge Farm, about 12 o'clock on Sunday night, of la grippe and old age, Alexander Carmichael, aged 79 years. He was born in North Carolina, but moved to Menifee county about 35 years ago, resided there until about 10 years ago, when he moved to this county, where he has since resided. He leaves a loving wife, seven sons and four daughters and about sixty-five grand-children to mourn his death. He was a highly esteemed citizen, loved by all who knew him. He was an affectionate and loving husband, a kind and gentle father. He was indeed a grand old man. He was laid to rest Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Frame burying ground. To the relatives we extend our deepest sympathy, and they should be consoled with the words that such a good and just man is resting above.

Sherburne.

Chas. Wilson, Jr., sold to John Ralls one sorrel mare for $40.

Jno. Shepard and wife, of Elizaville, are the pleasant guests of friends of this place.

Will Mark and wife and Daniel Emmons were the guests of Mrs. Boyd several days of last week.

Messrs. Scott & Goodpaster will increase the capacity of the mill at this place. At present it is a 60-bbl. mill. They will make it an 100-bbl. one this spring.

Tom Gray purchased in Bath this week the tobacco of J. B. Swartz and tenants Geo. Perry and Jim Moran at 7¾c and 6c. Also the crop of Gudgell Bros. at 7½c all around.

East Fork of Flat Creek.

The smallest amount of tobacco beds sowed since Adam was a yearling.

Thomas Gray, of Flemingsburg, was the guest of T. J. Daugherty Friday of last week.

Mrs. R. Vanlandingham bought four acres of land from her son T. J. Colliver for $80.

Frank Mitchell bought 67½ acres of land from Leonard Irvin, near Moorefield, for $3,500.

Born, the 7th inst., to G. W. Risner and wife, a boy; on the 13th inst., to Sant Turner and wife, a boy.

A. F. Stephens returned from Lexington a few days since, where he bought a milling outfit from the Kentucky Copper Company.

It was reported to your scribe Saturday that Reuben Maddox had died from a hemorrhage of the lungs. I can't say that it is true.

Crump Bros. delivered 6,600 lbs. of tobacco to Robertson & Stone, of Bethel, at 6c. If farmers can't get but five and six cents for good tobacco they had better go into some other kind of business, for to get a living it is conceded that trusts or combines are against the interest of all farmers.

Bethel.

Miss Orear, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting John Clinkenbeard and family.

Dr. Judy and wife visited at Carlisle and Millersburg several days this week.

Mrs. Charles Wilson left Saturday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Lauer, at Lexington.

S. P. Baird and wife, of Carlisle, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Cy Arrasmith.

Mrs. Ed Henderson and Miss Kate Atkinson, of Moorefield, are visitors at Will Henderson's this week.

Miss Hallie Young and Miss Pearl Trumbo, of Owingsville, were at D. S. Trumbo's Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Will Baird and Cy Arrasmith are on the sick list. Also there are plenty of measles. Henry Peters, Rob Arrasmith and others are down with it.

Miss Florence Arrasmith returned home Thursday from Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee, after a visit of six weeks with her brother Tom, well known to many of our readers.

Okla.

R. P. Whitton has completed and moved into his new residence.

Z. T. Crain purchased of Ed Anderson a 5-year-old mare for $60.

Espy Hopkins has moved to the property vacated by James Hiley.

Taylor Crain sold to John P. Denton a nice 3-year-old mare for $50.

M. R. McGregory, our worthy merchant, visited relatives near Hillsboro Sunday.

Miss Bertha Copher, of Lick Branch, visited Miss Martha Gray Friday and Saturday.

Misses Bertha Vice, Iva Denton and Mrs. Minnie Crain were in Owingsville Friday shopping.

John McClure and wife, of near Sherburne, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLain, last Sunday.

Mrs. Nathan Vice and daughter Misses Louisa and Addie, of Indian Creek, were the pleasant guests of Mrs. J. C. Gorrell Monday.

There will be a box supper given here Saturday night, March 25th, proceeds to go to finish painting the school-house. Let us all lend a helping hand.

Hillsboro.

Foster Freeman moved into his father-in-law W. S. Moody's house on the corner.

Mrs. Wm. Tipton, of Owingsville, has been visiting Mrs. Mota Faris the past week.

Ed Shrout moved from Bethel last week to W. W. Denton's house, one mile west of town.

Jno. M. Denton has begun to repair the dwelling he lately purchased of Samuel Shields' (decd.) estate.

E. D. Harrison and family moved to Morehead Tuesday. Mr. H. will conduct a marble shop for C. W. Garnett.

Mrs. Risby Gray and nephew, Thos. Raymond, returned from a visit to relatives at Mayslick last week.

M. C. Saunders moved from Day's Mill last week to the Kendall farm near here, which he recently purchased from C. B. Smith.

Wm. McKee died suddenly at his home on the Newt Story farm near here Sunday evening. He leaves a wife and several children.

Mrs. Louisa Crain was paralyzed last Tuesday at her home here. She is 76 years old and is now lying at the point of death with no hope of recovery.

Olympia.

Mrs. Gus Hiley continues about the same.

Bro. Stambaugh filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

J. F. Prendergast made a flying business trip here last week.

Mrs. Chas. Fowler, of Knob Lick vicinity, visited friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. Clyde Young returned to Fincastle last week, accompaied by Miss Lillie Young.

Charles Latimore, of the Marion Lumber Co., of Wayne, W. Va., is here looking for ties.

In answer to Sharpsburg's query of recent date, would say that either "crop" or "craw" is proper, the first stomach of a fowl.

D. R. Bishop is having quite a little repairing done on the residence in which he is living, belonging to the iron company.

Winchester Dickerson, now of Virginia City, Montana, wrote last week to H. I. Fitch, of this place, offering him a position out there. Mr. Fitch will probably start in a few days. He made the same proposition to Wm. E. Houston. Common laborers there make $3 per day.

Mrs. J. K. Jackson met with a rather singular accident last week. She had prepared a nice dinner on account of her mother, who is visiting her, and after getting everything in readiness she stepped to the postoffice, which is only a few steps from her door. On returning a few minutes later she found to her chagrin that the table linen had taken fire in some mysterious manner and together with a half dozen napkins, had burned off the table and had set the matting afire on the floor. Had it not been discovered at the moment the house would soon have been in a mass of flames.

Moore's Ferry.

Joseph Kissick sold Allen Spence a milch cow for forty dollars.

A part of the free turnpike from here to Salt Lick has gone to China, and the bridges are very dangerous.

W. A. Baty has been having good luck fishing. He caught on Monday of last week a ten-pound sturgeon.

Theodore Shrout is very sick, but has changed for the better this morning. Mrs. Reuben McLain is very poorly.

There are six applicants for the public school at Hedrick's this fall. Prof. Grant Triplett has the inside track so far.

Mrs. E. C. Kimbrell, of Jeffersonville, Montgomery county, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Shrout.

Prof. Festus Kash, of upper Licking, was here last week prospecting with the school trustees for the public school this fall.

On account of the very bad weather and the serious sickness of his son, Bro. Crouch could not fill his appointment at Hedrick's the fourth Sunday in February. He will preach there the fourth Sunday in March, that being the regular meeting day.

Moving considerable here up to this time. Ed Staton moved onto the county farm with Capt. Wells. Bob Sorrell goes to the house vacated by Staton. Ben Shrout is going where Sorrell lived; A. W. Shrout to where Ben Shrout lived, and Luther Shrout goes to A. W. Shrout's house.

It is reported that Elder H. C. Downey's daughter has the measles. She was at a quilting at Mrs. Clay Reeves, the day before the measles broke out on her. There were a good many there that never had the measles, and there is considerable uneasiness in this vicinity at present, as there is scarcely a family around here but some of the family has never had it.

Odessa.

Jno. T. Gudgell is remodeling his stock barn.

Jno. S. Anderson sold a work mule to Jno. L. Vice.

W. D. Darnell, wife and son Geo., of upper Flat Creek, visited friends and relatives here the past week.

Geo. Trumbo returned last week from Owen Co., where he had taken a load of plunder for Anthony ("Polk") Lathram, who has moved there to make his future home.

Elder Dawson filled his appointment at White Oak Sunday. It being rather an unpleasant day and a great many probably not noticing the change for this month's meeting there was rather a small crowd in attendance.

Chas. Henderson, who had a sale a few weeks ago with the intention of going West, left on Monday of last week for Illinois, arrived there, looked over five counties, liked the country finely, but was too late to get a place for this year, so he returned to his family here on Friday of the same week.

Died, March 8th, near Forge Hill, little Willie, son of T. J. and Mary H. Davis. He was six years and four months old. He had been sick about seven weeks. It was thought at times, especially by the parents, that he would recover. He was buried at the David Bailey burying ground, north of Owingsville. The parents have the sympathy of all in their afflictions. "But why should we grieve, since it can not be that earth is not our only abiding place? We were made for a higher destiny than that of earth."

For Jesus, who doeth all for the best,
Has called little Willie up home to rest.

The child you so cherished has gone on before,
And is waiting for you on that beautiful shore.

Another bright angel at Jesus' feet
Is waiting his father and mother to meet.

For death will come, why should it appal?
It is only a little rest after all.

Stepstone.

Mrs. C. B. Reid spent two days last week in Mt. Sterling visiting her mother, Mrs. Drusella Lyle.

The weather is too cold here for much gardening as yet, but we saw several sowing lettuce beds last week.

Mrs. Nancy Crouch, of Owingsville, and Miss Vivian Perkins, of Mt. Sterling, are visiting Mrs. H. C. Mead.

Mrs. Martha Bailey, of Rockville, and two children are here visiting her sister and brother, Miss Venetta and J. B. Cassity.

Mrs. J. R. Shrout, of upper Stepstone, who has been very poorly with neuralgia, we are glad to say is some better and on the road to complete health again.

Wm. Helwig, brakeman on the short (passenger) run, has been home for a week on account of a bad cold, but we are glad to see that he went to work again Monday morning.

H. C. Mead, who is drumming for the Paris Medicine Co. of St. Louis, Mo., is home for two or three days seeing how things are going along. He seems to be a jolly good fellow.

Mrs. J. M. Campbell had two very bad spells of neuralgia, last week, but is some better. The doctor (N. T. Clark) says that she has very bad spells of it too close to the heart to not be dangerous.

Geo. W. Payne, a son of W. T. Payne, and who stays with Uncle Shelby Goodpaster, on Salt Well, was married on last Thursday at the bride's home to Miss Maggie Shrout, a daughter of Ambrose Shrout. They will make their home with Uncle Shelby Goodpaster. We wish them much joy in their journey through life.

Thos. H. Steele was kicked in the face by one of his work horses last Friday, cutting his upper lip very badly. He had to go to Mt. Sterling and have it stitched, and now he doesn't look near as handsome as he did before. We are very sorry for him, but still it could have been worse, for had it hit him a little higher it would have taken an eye at least, if it had not killed him.

Farmers.

Rev. L. E. Mann, of Morehead, preached at M. E. Church Sunday.

Another 18-foot rise in Licking. Great amount of timber coming down.

Drue Carter's wife has been ill for several days, threatened with fever.

Capt. H. Kendig and family, of Salt Lick, visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

There was an oyster supper given at the home of A. M. Brain, on "Tin Can," Saturday night.

Wm. W. Teal and family, of Salt Lick, have moved to the farm recently purchased by J. B. Warren of Dr. F. M. Carter.

Miss Martha Day, who has been residing at Catlettsburg for about five months, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Day.

Mrs. Mat Roe will start in a few days to join her husband, who is working in a saw mill in Arkansas. We wish her a safe journey.

Marion Myers and wife have moved to the Bailey farm, recently purchased from G. W. Clayton, just over the river in Bath county.

Arthur L. Green has accepted a position with J. B. Warren as salesman in his general store. Arthur is quite a polite and accommodating salesman.

Mrs. Burt Holarcher, who has been in Chicago with her husband for some time, returned to this place last week, where she will remain with her parents, H. H. Kring and wife, for some time.

From good authority it is learned that the Lewis Emery saw mill here, which is for sale, is about to be purchased by some Indiana parties, the latter having sent a representative here last week to examine the mill and other property. Should the deal be effected soon work will probably be commenced on the improving of mill, machinery, etc. It is hoped by the people here that this mill, which has been idle for some time, will soon resume operations, as it employs quite a number of men, and with the two other mills here in operation, will make this the most prosperous town between Mt. Sterling and Ashland.

Died, at his home here, March 17th, Robert E. McIntire, aged 67 years and one month. "Uncle Bob," as he was familiarly known, had been a great sufferer for a number of years with dropsy and other ailments. All medical skill could not restore him to his wonted health. His near relatives left to mourn his loss are his wife Mrs. Elizabeth, and one adopted daughter, Minnie E. Parker. He was a true husband and as good a citizen as we had in our community, and being once a large property owner here he also carried a $2,000 life insurance policy, which was made payable to his wife. He was a member of the Baptist Church here and also one of the founders of the church here to which he belonged. Up to about three years ago, before he was taken down sick, he was very active in church work, always ready to lend a helping hand for the upbuilding of his church and its cause. Deceased leaves a wide circle of relatives and friends to mourn the loss of a good man. His remains were laid to rest Sunday in the Jones burying grounds. Funeral services were conducted at his late residence Sunday morning by Elder H. F. Martin, of the Christian Church. The bereaved family and friends have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. Peace be to his ashes.

Wyoming.

The small boy will soon be on the banks of the creek with his bait can full of bugs and worms.

R. S. Estill is still suffering from ulcerated sore throat, but his physician says he is improving.

Jno. Kincaid, Jr., and wife will leave in a few days for Missouri, where they will make their home.

Those who read the "Stories of the Rockies" in THE OUTLOOK will remember Geo. Baldwin, the plucky little speculator in mines, who dealt for some time in stocks and bonds in San Francisco, and was elected to the Idaho legislature two or three times. In a recent letter to your correspondent he says: "Two years ago I was in the East on mining business, and last winter I spent with our old friends Levinson and Weiss, at Santa Cruz, California. Of course they were glad to see anyone from Custer City, and they made my visit a very pleasant one. They often mentioned the night of the big snowslide from "Old Baldie" which knocked their drug store off its foundation and killed two little children of a Swedish family near by. That was a terrible night, as you will remember. We expected to be crushed at any moment.

"They asked all about you, and when you were in Custer last. A great many changes have taken place since you left. Ed Baird committed suicide some time ago. Geo. Coryell and Myron Craft returned from Mexico two years ago. Geo. is foreman of the Lucky Boy mines. Mine and mill are now owned by Salt Lake parties. Mrs. Fulton (his mother) died in Montana. Chas. Pfeiffer married a Swede and has three children. Lew Pfeiffer married the daughter of Mike Spahn, the brewer, and is now living in Redlands, California. Alex Pfeiffer, who made a million out of the Old Custer mine, is on his ranch at San Jose, California. Your old friend Al Bomar was Probate Judge last term. Horace Dodge, the man who saved your frozen feet when you came from Sea Foam on snow-shoes, is dead. Jack Moore, from whom you snatched the championship belt as a wrestler, is married and settled in the Lost River country. Puddin River Smith, the gambler, is dead. Muskmelon Bob is in Indiana. Al Brown has some mining property in Lemlai county. His property is now bonded. Alex Kleupfer returned from Alaska and is now running a tunnel to tap a ledge he owns on Custer mountain.

"Last summer I had a bond on some property on Estes mountain. I waited all summer for my parties to come in. They were St. Louis people. One of the parties interested was a Mr. Linch, ex-U. S. Marshal for Missouri. Some of the party started, their mining expert died on the road, and they returned to St. Louis.

"This bond embraced the Montana, Hidden Treasure, Why Not, Arcade, Ararat, and Estes Hope. The Montana has quite a wonderful record. Its five owners in one year shipped $100,000 worth of ore, and they all went broke in a little while. The owners went down as far as they could go without a steam hoist. Hooper is now State Senator, and I think is trying to interest capital to develop the property. The Franklin property is well worth a trip from Kentucky to look at. On Bismark mountain, opposite Mt. Estes, is situated a mine called the Jesse James, or better known as the New Discovery. This is a very fine showing, and created considerable excitement last year. I am very anxious for you to see this property.

"Hoping to see you soon I am as ever Your friend,

"G. B. BALDWIN."

Flat Creek.

Ed C. Owings is on the sick list.

David Estill is up, after having the measles.

William Kirk sold his tobacco to Kirkpatrick at 7½c.

The early bird catches a whole lot of bronchial troubles.

W. M. Kirk purchased 33 acres of land from John Gossett at $35 per acre.

Lieutrell Fassett left last week for British Honduras, Central America.

Chas. and William Carr were on the Louisville breaks last week disposing of their tobacco.

Don't linger while your "Love lies dreaming." Wake her up and tell her to get breakfast.

We congratulate the Odessa correspondent as something of a poet as well as a newsgatherer.

Mesdames Mollie Smart and Emma McIntyre, of near Millersburg, visited relatives here recently.

Mark Thomas, who recently purchased a farm, is building a mansion. Match Coyle is doing the work.

Sam Williams rented a farm near Springfield, and now he spends most of his time singing "Come, Birdie, Come."

It seems to us that it has been enough since Thanksgiving for the goose-bone man to come forward with his report.

It will soon be in order to inquire into local affairs. Who is the biggest man on the creek? Estimation not considered.

A "scyclone" struck here Wednesday. Fortunately no one hurt—brothers should dwell together in peace and unity.

We respect the office-holder only in so far as he does his duty as the servant of the people who elected him to serve them.

Exchanges made during the past two weeks: Garnet Crow to Montgomery Co., John Harper to Mt. Sterling, Joe Kerns to Grassy Lick. Ed Toy will move to Mr. Bigstaff's place.

The boys were making the woods ring the other night. Luster said he spared the poor fellow's life for future usefulness, however.

Mr. George Payne and Miss Maggie Shrout, of Salt Well, were married by Elder B. F. Parker the 15th. We extend congratulations.

Louis Jacobs, who had been at Hot Springs, Ark., for some time for hemorrhage of the lungs, returned home last week greatly benefited.

W. D. Darnell and wife, after a pleasant visit on White Oak, Prickly Ash and in Owingsville, have returned home, and Flat Creek is all happy.

Spring is here and the farmers are beginning to think about getting ready to farm. A great many tobacco beds have been sown the past week.

John Hughes and Col. Gumpf have filled their ice-houses and expect to keep cool this summer by quaffing the cold lemonade and sipping soda-pop cool.

If our clever, genial, whole-souled, big-hearted friend Robert Carter should announce his candidacy he would sweep the country with the biggest majority vote ever polled.

Thomas Steele made all the other wagon men green with envy by coming out with a bran-new wagon. The wagon is prettier than an old maid's dream of a proposal of marriage.

We had an invitation to attend the wedding of Mr. Bert Kidd and Miss Josie Colliver at North Middletown on the 15th inst. We join their many friends in wishing them a long and happy life.

Why is it that the wicked man stands out in front of a saloon in his shirt sleeves and gets no harm while the good man if he goes out to empty the ashes without his necktie and overshoes gets the pneumonia?

We will just say to our friend "Sharpsburg" that there is nothing the matter with John C. Wood as Railroad Commissioner, as he is one of Kentucky's most honorable and upright citizens.

We have a good neighborhood, with live, industrious people, who owe all they have to the steady advance of the human race against the compact mass of those who have always cried out, and still cry out as lustily as ever, "Hard times."

We are not personally acquainted with "Knob Lick" and don't care to meet him—that is, on an argument,—and while we don't exactly agree with him on some things politically, will say that he is an all-round, up-to-date writer and knows whereof he speaks.

One of our handsomest young ladies hung up her stockings to dry by the fire and her smaller brothers poured about a bushel of coal in each one of them. They thought it a good joke and asked us to make an item out of it, but it will be a coal day when we mention their meanness.

A well known man of this place went to town and while under the influence of bug juice got lost trying to get into the back door of a wet-goods establishment. A party coming upon him asked him if he was lost. Drawing himself up haughtily, he said: "I never get lost; the saloon is lost. I am here," striking his breast proudly.

If farmers only knew of the good work done by the ill smelling skunk they would just as soon allow hunters to kill chickens as skunks. Of course they do break up the old hen who is setting on six eggs in the thicket, but they also consume thousands of grub-worms, cut-worms and other insects and catch more field mice than all the cats on the farm.

Married, March 15, Mr. Trav Wells, of near Ewington, and Miss Nannie Frisby, of Mt. Sterling, Rev. W. J. Bolin officiating. These young people are of good families and we congratulate them upon their happy marriage. Immediately after the ceremony, accompanied by the attendants, Misses Bettie Wells and Fannie Frisby, Joseph Tilton and John Roberts, they returned to the home of the groom, where a reception was given. About 300 were in attendance, and had a time long to be remembered.

Every political party of necessity puts forward its candidate through the medium of nominating conventions, the delegates to the convention being agents of the rank and file of the party for that purpose. Such an agency is a trust of the highest character, which every member of the party has a right to demand shall be faithfully administered, and when this trust is abused by the nomination of an unfit man, whether by accident or design, it not only becomes the right but the solemn duty of the voter to repudiate the unfit nominee that is offered him the same as they did in 1896.

CONTINUED ON FIRST PAGE.

THOS. J. YOUNG,

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